

No. 62.—Vol. V.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1894.

SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY: MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Munro-Ferguson and Mr. Thomas Shaw were returned to Parliament again for the Leith Burghs and the Hawick Burghs respectively.—Mr. Asquith, speaking at Ayton, Berwickshire, on behalf of Mr. H. J. Tennant's candidature, was not ashamed to avow that the Liberal majority depended on their Irish allies. "The great policy of international justice" was the name he gave -Commander Lovett Cameron, the African explorer, after his many escapes by flood and field in the Dark Continent, has been killed by being thrown from his horse while returning from a run with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds. He had a busy life in the Navy before he Rothschild's Staghounds. He had a busy life in the Navy before he undertook his search for Livingstone in 1873. He was the first European to cross Africa from east to west.—The White Star liner Majestic brought Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry back from America. Charles Mitchell, the defeated pugilist, also returned.—The machinery for lowering the two opening spans of the new water gate of the Tower Bridge was put into motion for the first time.—A Nottingham machinist was hanged for murdering a hospital nurse.-Budget proposes considerable reductions of duty, principally on articles from the mother country.—The election of Don Idiarte Borda as President of Uruguay is unpopular. He is believed to be honest.—The New Australia colony in Paraguay has collapsed.

Mr. William Mather, M.P., like Mr. William Allan, M.P., Wednesday. has become a practical convert to the eight-hours day.

His firm, which employs 1200 men, tried it for a year, with the result that the experiment has been a great success.—The Duke of Bedford unveiled the monument which has been erected by public subscription in the Market Place, Bedford, to John Howard, and executed in bronze by Mr. Alfred Gilbert.—An extraordinary story of hidden treasure is told to-day. It appears that a private in the Royal West Surrey Regiment recently died at Wandsworth, confessing on his deathbed that he and another private during the Burmese War of 1885 stole King Theebaw's crown and regalia and buried it. The other soldier is on his way to India to find the treasure.—The Medical Congress is on his way to India to find the treasure.—The Medical Congress was begun at Rome. Out of 650 exhibitors only five or six are English. The most interesting exhibit is that of the German Imperial Sanitary Office.—Kossuth's body was handed over by the Mayor of Turin to the representative of Budapest. Maurus Jókai is to deliver a funeral oration. — The famous American warship Kearsage has been ignominiously plundered and burned by Caribbean Indians.—The Armenian Patriarch, Mgr. Achikian, has been fired at during the celebration of Mass in the Cathedral of Koum Kapou by a man, who was arrested on the spot.

Mr. Gladstone considers that the schism in the Liberal party has been disastrous. Replying to a valedictory address from the City of London Liberal Association, he Thursday. says it helps to cherish his hope that the schism may be reduced.—Polling took place in Montgomeryshire and Berwickshire.—Sir John Gorst told the working men of Cardiff to-night that England was behind almost every other nation in her efforts by legislation to solve the question of striking.—Mr. Haydn Parry, the composer, died early this morning, He was just thirty. The death is announced of a German composer, Jacob Rosenhain, at the age of eighty-one.——An ancient Greek hymn to Apollo, recently discovered at Delphi, was sung in Athens before the King and Queen of Greece.—Lord Hannen succumbed to his long illness. Born in 1821, he was called to the Bar in 1848, being raised to the Bench twenty years For sixteen years he was President of the Court of Probate, resigning in 1891.—By the fall of a painter's cradle in Regent Street, two workmen were killed, another injured, while four ladies in the street were hurt.—The Austrian Emperor met the Kaiser at Abbazia, and cordial greetings were exchanged.—Great enhusiasm was disclosed, but the street were hurt.—The Austrian Emperor met the Kaiser at Abbazia, and cordial greetings were exchanged.—Great enhusiasm was disclosed to the street which the street was a street with the street was a street with the street was a st displayed by the spectators at the various stations at which the train conveying Kossuth's remains from Turin to Budapest stopped.——A funeral service over the remains of the late Hans von Bülow was performed at Hamburg.——The International Medical Congress was opened in the Costanzi Theatre at Rome. Of the 7612 members, 700 are from Great Britain.

Montgomeryshire and Berwickshire have again returned Friday. Liberals to Parliament, with decreased majorities.—

The Volunteer force is stronger than it has ever been except in 1887, and numbers 227,741 men.—A break, returning from the Grand National at Aintree, was upset, and the occupants, who included several principals in the pantomime at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, were pitched into the roadway and injured, Mr. Arthur Wilkinson, the actor, fatally. — Another explosion occurred at Waltham Abbey. — Mrs. Gordon Baillie has again come into the hands of the police. She was committed for trial to-day at Marylebone on the charge of stealing some pictures. — An inquest was held at Lambeth on the body of a boy who went to Blackheath on Bank Holiday and ate thirty oranges, a cocoanut, and a mince pie, and drank some cider and "mineral-water champagne."—Kossuth was buried at Budapest amid signs of much mourning.—At the Medical Congress a new treatment of consumption was described. It consists in the constant inhalation of the essence of mint and the external application of creosote.—A serious outbreak has occurred among the Malay population of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands, while fresh troubles have broken out in Samoa. out in Samoa.

The elections are being carried on with great vigour. Speaking on behalf of Mr. Alderman Bethell, the Liberal candidate for the Romford division, Mr. John Burns said candidate for the homford division, Mr. John Burns said that in the last five years London had seen a wonderful change in its electors: they drank less, betted less, and took a greater interest in their own affairs. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, speaking elsewhere, remarked with sorrow that one had only to listen to a debate in the House of Lords to find the decline of intellect. At Wisbech feeling is running very high. Mrs. Brand, the wife of the Liberal candidate, has been pelted with stale eggs, and even with stones.—Rotherhithe returned a Progressive again for the County Council in the person of Mr. Hovell J. Williams eggs, and even with stones.—Rotherhithe returned a Progressive again for the County Council in the person of Mr. Howell J. Williams.—Professor Robertson Smith, librarian of Cambridge University, died this afternoon, after a long illness. Born in Aberdeenshire, in 1846, he was hounded out of a professorship in the Free Church College of the Granite City on account of his views as to the Old Testament published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which he afterwards became editor. Cambridge was only too glad to receive him.—The funeral service on the re-interment of the remains of the wife and daughter of Kossuth was celebrated impressively at Budanest wife and daughter of Kossuth was celebrated impressively at Budapest.

This was Prince Bismarck's seventy-ninth birthday, and Sunday. the event was enthusiastically celebrated throughout Germany, especially at Friedrichsruh, where the ex-Chancellor resides. The Kaiser presented him with a magnificent chancellor resides. The Kaiser presented him with a magnificent cuirass with epaulettes. An engineer sent him an iron letter-press found in the Temple of Artemis, so that the Prince might know that what he had made "will last for thousands of years."—Kossuth was buried at Budapest. Whole villages tramped long distances to be present, and the scene was extraordinarily impressive.—The hundredth anniversary of Kosciusko's taking the oath in Cracow to fight for the freedom of his country has just been celebrated there.—This afternoon Thomas Beach, alias Major Le Caron, died in London, aged fifty-three, after long suffering from a painful malady. He was the most striking figure in the Parnell Commission, his attenuated face being antly described as resembling "a skull with parabonat stratehold over most striking figure in the Parnell Commission, his attenuated face being aptly described as resembling "a skull with parchment stretched over it." Those who saw this sturdy military spy in the witness-box, cleverly parrying the greatest cross-examiner of the day, and gazing with inscrutable unconcern on the moving panorama of that historical Court, whose President has just died, will never forget Le Caron. His life was a series of adventures, undertaken at deadly peril, and if ever a man lived in his work it was he who so briefly survived its completion. lived in his work it was he who so briefly survived its completion.

The Revenue returns for the fourth quarter of the last financial year show a net increase on the corresponding Monday. Monday. financial year show a net increase on the corresponding quarter of 1893 of £2,745,443, while the whole year shows a net increase of £687,783. The balance in the Exchequer on March 31 was £543,174.—The polling took place for the Romford division.—A propos of the proposed Scottish Grand Committee, the Scottish Home Rule Association have issued a characteristic protest. Scotland "demands that her public business shall be conducted, seriously, on Scottish ground, in a Scottish atmosphere, and under Scottish influences, not hustled and slurred over hastily in an Imperial Parliament, where Imperial matters naturally receive an overpowering consideration."—The memorial to the Laureate at Freshwater is to take the form of an Iona cross, to be placed on the highest crest of the down, overlooking the western end of the island. The Trinity House authorities have agreed to allow the name of the landmark to be changed from the Nodes Beacon to the Tennyson Beacon.—The remains of Mrs. William Pitt Byrne were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. She was the sister of Colonel Busk, -The remains of Mrs. William Pitt Byrne were who set the Volunteer movement going, and was the author of "Flemish Interiors," which remained anonymous till her death.—A woman who murdered her husband in Liverpool was hanged there this morning.—The Viceroy of India was presented with an address of loyalty and welcome by the inhabitants of Lucknow, where he and Lady Elgin are staying.

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"I suppose all your thoughts are now centred on the Criterion first night?" I commenced, when we had exchanged a few commonplaces.

"Yes, I feel excited, and nervous, too. One never knows whether or not a piece will please the public, and I especially want to show them that a woman can write a play, and to break through the tradition that



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

the fair sex cannot show dramatic art. It is curious that just at this moment there should be a promise of two or three plays from other feminine pens, for when I wrote mine the drama had been almost entirely untouched by women for a very long time."

"Your adaptation is not of very recent date, then?"

"No; it has been finished some time, and I have only retouched it latterly, just to bring it up to date. As a matter of fact, it is about four years ago since I commenced it. Mr. Wyndham was present at the performance of 'The Tangled Web,' which I wrote, and which was provided to a weight of the product of the performance of the Tangled Web, which I wrote, and which was planted at a weight of the performance of the tangle of the performance of the performance of the tangle of the performance played at a matinée for a charity, the male rôles being taken chiefly by amateurs, though Miss Alma Murray and some other professionals were in the cast. Afterwards I felt very pleased when Mr. Wyndham asked me to do something for him, having always wished to write plays, and at the same time I was determined that I would not have anything of mine brought out except at a good London theatre. I had a couple of small pieces produced not very long ago: one was 'Baby,' at Terry's Theatre, and the other 'Old Friends,' at the St. James's. My earliest plays, however, date much farther back, for when I was a girl I used to write some for amateur performances, in which I was very fond of taking part—in fact, I think I have been writing more or less all my life."

"You have you through the whole gramut of authorship?"

"You have run through the whole gamut of authorship? "Yes; I have written novels, essays, ladies' letters, and plays. Recently I had some articles in the Fortnightly and the Nineteenth Century. I did a good deal for the World at one time, I agont any journalistic connection commenced with Vanity Fair, where I sent an anonymous article, which was accepted, and at the same time I was invited to send further contributions. I think I was one of the first of my sex to inaugurate a column of light, frivolous gossip. I did it for the Pictorial World, and as it was not ungrammatical, though of a chatty tendency, it seemed to please."

"No," answered Lady Violet with great emphasis. "No; of that "No," answered Lady Violet with great emphasis. "No; of that I have never been guilty, though most of us break out into poetry when we are young. My first novel was 'Zoë, a Girl of Genius,' and then I followed it up with 'Keith's Wife'; soon after a volume of my essays was published, and I have written several books since. One of a sporting tendency appeared last year. It is rather a curious thing, but, though I have contributed largely to magazines and journals, scarcely a single item of my work has appeared in any woman's paper. commenced to write editors seemed to have rather a prejudice against ladies taking up the profession; for one thing, it was thought that our sex could not be punctual, and I, therefore, have always been rigidly exact with my 'copy.' I have never failed to send my work in to time, and have been highly praised for punctuality. In attending to business I think we women should show ourselves even more exact than men, and so establish our claim to hold our own. In the beginning I signed my articles in a man's name, and for a long time my rightful signature never appeared. I think my column in the Graphic was the first in which I made use of my full title."

"And how have you found time to get through so much work?"

"Well, I have found that the claims of society have often proved a hindrance. At one time I used to write through the night and into the small hours of the morning, but I could not stand it, and since then I have worked regularly after breakfast for two or three hours daily. It is a great thing to be methodical in this regard, and I am inclined to echo George Eliot's words respecting 'the beneficent harness of routine.' When I am completing a novel I work harder than usual, for towards the end I can scarcely tear myself away from my imaginary characters; they are so real to me that it disturbs me to leave them, and my handwriting becomes very bad in my endeavour to make my pen keep up to my thoughts. My plays I correct and alter pretty considerably, and finally have them typed; but my other literary work is usually written not more than twice, though when I commenced I often rewrote three and four times. Purely journalistic work, of course, requires the least revision. I consider it very improving for style. Journalism is a good school for one who intends to become a novelist, and when he or she has succeeded in fiction, then I think they should drop Press work."

"Is that your own programme?

"In some measure, for if my play succeeds I shall feel inclined to devote myself chiefly to the drama. I find it so much more interesting to write a play than a novel; it is an ideal thing to hear one's own thoughts uttered by a gifted actor before a living audience, to make one's appeal to human nature over the footlights. Just at this moment it seems to me that I could not write a novel again; but, of course, my opinion may change."

"Have you had any practical experience of the stage?"

"Have you had any practical experience of the stage;"
No; I have only been a fairly regular attendant at the theatres; but I have read plays a good deal—German, French, and old English, as well as the modern British drama, and I have always been greatly interested in Ibsen's plays. I hold that the dramatic gift is a particular gift," pursued Lady Violet Greville, reflectively. "I expressed my views on the subject once in an article in the Dramatic Review: it is a particular than a great thing dramatically; the nevelist may or ticular turn of mind to see a thing dramatically; the novelist may or may not possess this quality of mind, but the playwright must. When I write fiction I see the whole scene before my mental fancy, and the characters act their parts before me. The psychological novel, which is now so popular, does not specially please me. I like a story with a plot and dramatic action; but, then, I am not very fond of novel reading. I think when one writes it is difficult to find the same amount of enjoyment as the univisited readers. I have a feeling of being helping the ment as the uninitiated reader: I have a feeling of being behind the scenes, and catch myself studying the technique."

"I make such a bad photograph," commented Lady Violet a little

later, when I proffered my request for a portrait, and she showed me two or three which quite failed to do justice to the stately head, set with peculiar grace on a finely formed neck and shoulders, with a crown of bright hair, and the features, which lighted up in animated converse, lost much of their charm when taken in repose. However, the portrait finally selected best conveys the impression of stately elegance that struck me.

After glancing through the photographs, it was somewhat difficult to bring Lady Violet back to the subject of her own work. "I am quite a novice at being interviewed," remarked her Ladyship, "and, while I don't like to praise myself, I naturally don't care to run myself down.

"What a position women are making for themselves nowadays!" Lady Violet continued. "I am sure the daughters have no need to revolt; I don't see that we are trampled upon at all. Women stand on their own basis, and I firmly believe that any talent or genius will always make its way, though I think, to a certain extent, that has ever held good. The very fact of Mr. Wyndham accepting the work of an untried dramatist such as myself should be an encouragement to other women. How I should have enjoyed a course at Girton! "You were educated at home, then?"

"Yes, after the approved fashion of my time, and then came the demands that society makes on one's leisure, and for years my work was squeezed in during the brief intervals that I could call my own. I wrote so much I devoted myself pretty earnestly to music and drawing, and I was and am still very fond of sport. Last year I spent the summer on the river. I enjoy punting and sculling, and, better still, perhaps, the independent feeling of managing a boat for myself. The country, too, is my favourite residence; nearly all my work is done away from town, when I feel more freedom and inclination to write."

"Are you contemplating an industrious summer?"
"Not as yet, for I am off to the Continent for a real holiday after the excitement and anxiety attendant on the production of my play."-L. E.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"Made in Germany" is a mark which experience causes one to look upon without enthusiasm, and in the case of "Once Upon a Time" there can be there can be little doubt that a home-made play on the same subject would have been preferable to an adaptation of "Der Talisman." Yet, I must admit, though legal training makes me hate making admissions, that I can believe that the play had a huge success in Germany. The reason may easily be seen. In the land that supplies us with most of our music and waiters there is a young Emperor whose assertion of his "divine right" to be a successful Jack-of-all-trades naturally offends a large portion of the population, although the people are still mediæval in spirit compared with our restless selves. Consequently, when a play making hideous fun of the "divine right" business had the advantage of the monarch's interference to stop it from getting the Schiller prize, it had a tremendous "kick off."

We, in a land where believers in the "divine right" theory are as rare as copies of a first edition of an evening paper, cannot be expected to see the political joke at all. The moral of the play is absolutely impertinent in a country where the Government is really a veiled republic. So "Der Talisman" has nothing to give it value in our eyes save its absolute merit. What may be the literary quality of the original, I do not pretend to say, but that of the version of Messrs. Louis N. Parker

and Beerbohm Tree is not very high.

From Herr Fulda's point of view, the humour of the play was increased by its being treated seriously. The moralising speeches, the act of humiliation, and the ultimate grovelling reformation of the monarch had immense value when the work was to be treated as a political parable. To us they simply crush the play by their dead weight. The story by Hans Andersen of the tailors and the magic garment, if not altogether dramatic in feeling, has a vast amount of essential humour, some of which seemed certain to get over the footlights in any workmanlike version. You cannot help laughing at the idea of all the courtiers pretending to see and admire a non-existent garment, because if they did not they seemed to convict themselves of knavery or stupidity. Moreover, the sight of the King going in solemn state procession, merely wearing his under-garments and believing and pretending to believe that he is gorgeous in regal robes, is bound to catch everybody's sense of humour.

So far as the play kept to the original subject we were all amused, and had it ended when Rita declared that the King was wearing nothing but his combinations and "divine right" all would have been well. Omar, to save her, might have confessed his trick, and the King could have risen to the occasion, stated that he had seen through it from the first, but desired to use the fraud as a means of testing the hearts of his courtiers and people, and thus come out of an awkward scrape with little

loss of dignity but cured of his vanity.

Habakuk, the comic basket-maker, who grumbles because of his wine, which causes him to yearn for an easier death, may well enough stand, since Mr. Lionel Brough, by a very able piece of acting, makes him funny. Rita, too, would deserve to live could she be cured of the unfortunate habit of speaking in short rhymed verse, full of the conventional jangle of "love" and "dove," "star" and "afar," "trees" and "breeze." The effect of this trick is grotesque when she addresses observations to Omar, who is not so indiscreet as to follow her bad example. Mrs. Tree certainly plays the part very prettily, and there is more poetry in her manner than the stanzas which she utters. The Omar of Mr. Fred Terry is a robust piece of work, often of great aid to the play.

Mr. Tree, as the King and co-author, might have written himself a better part: were there some sense of humour in him, one could really feel well disposed to his divine person. Unfortunately, people without a sense of humour grow wearisome if they talk much, and although he delivered his speeches, in which are here and there some striking lines, with much ability, and occasionally gave fine touches of art, his performance is the least interesting of the series he has given to us.

Really, I am unwilling to say an unkind word about "A Comedy of Sighs." Its author, Dr. Todhunter, is a dramatic nutineer of the most daring character, and all uncrystallised critics love mutineers. For it is they who keep art alive. When art stands still it goes backwards. It may be likened to a stream which, if it be arrested, will form a mere stagnant pool: while running, it may sometimes pass by barren banks, and none of us know whither it runs or we wish it to run; yet, as soon as its progress is stopped by the conventions of a period its beauty tends There is not, and never will be, a fixed formula; every age must find the form of expression that suits it best, and the form of one age will always hamper the efforts of another. The laws under which the artists of one period work with success are fetters for their successors.

"Curtains," "pictures," and "situations" one can dispense with, though it is rash to bring down the curtain on what seems rather the end of a paragraph than of a chapter. Yet, though we do not demand a Scribe plot, one must have a kind of movement and growth of interest in a play. No doubt, there is a sort of plot: the heroine, after an act and three-quarters of exposition, is kissed by a married man, and then, after a pause of another act, her husband is told of it, and there is a quarrel that ends in reconciliation; but the subject is too slight for the canvas. Even greater art than Dr. Todhunter's could hardly hold the attention of people in a theatre with such matter.

Nevertheless, it is a very clever play. To hear so fine a line as "Don't give me your poulterer's description of a phænix," to laugh at the

man who is "always flattering other people and admiring himself," to learn that "the really smart people don't invent anything but a polite way of uttering scandals," and be told that "Love goes about in England like an organ-grinder, always playing the same tune, 'Home, Sweet Home,'" and to be treated to many real witticisms, repays one for much worse boredom than comes from listening to long conversations that seem irrelevant and unnatural. Even the thoroughly hostile house was compelled to laugh frequently at the strokes of wit. Moreover, the characters are admirably drawn; they have the life of the world in them, and one cannot pretend that they are our old friends of the stage. Lady Brandon seems to me a finely drawn study of the modern hysterical woman, almost as finely drawn as Hedda Gabler, though not so solidly presented.

The author, however, owes a deep debt of ingratitude to one of company. Miss Florence Farr is not the kind of actress for such a part as Lady Brandon, and the play suffered seriously in consequence of this. The daintiness of touch and fascination of manner absolutely essential were quite wanting. The others played well enough. Mr. James Welch acted very cleverly as the Socialistic parson, and Miss Enid Erle, though to some she seemed amateurish, to me appeared to suit her part exactly, and she is an actress of great promise; her dancing shows much natural grace. One cannot pass over the playing of Miss Vane Featherston and Mr. Bernard Gould without some praise.

The upshot of the matter is that the mutineer has gone too far, and if he wishes to affect our drama seriously Dr. Todhunter must use his remarkable gifts with more discretion. If you aim too high above the heads of the people, your work will get lost in the clouds. I hope that "A Comedy of Sighs" will be published as a book. I should like

to read it.

It is told by history, or, at least, by the school histories, that after the battle of Salamis the Greek leaders gave two votes apiece as to the men who had done most to save Greece from the Persians, and that each of them voted first for himself and secondly for Themistocles. I believe that if the dramatic critics had to choose the two finest French plays of the century "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" would get the second vote in cases where it did not get the first. The drama by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau which Mr. Brander Matthews calls "not only the best French comedy since Beaumarchais, but better than any between Beaumarchais and Molière," is a work anchored so firmly on human nature that age is not likely to wither it, and certainly so long as class distinctions exist, as parvenus are possible, and do-nothing Peers can be found, the comedy will live and delight all true play-lovers.

Naturally, therefore, when rumour said that Lady Violet Greville's play, "An Aristocratic Alliance," was a version of "Le Gendre" people read up the work and hoped for a treat. The programme contained no reference to the origin of the play, save the significant omission of the words "new and original." Perhaps her Ladyship felt that there was no need to acknowledge the debt since everyone would guess it. Moreover, the adaptation has been so freely made that claims may be asserted to

a humble kind of originality

It may be said with confidence that in our times few masterpieces have been so shockingly maltreated as in "An Aristocratic Alliance." The sticking of towers Renaissance in feeling on Westminster Abbey was reverent treatment compared with the Vandal course adopted by Lady Violet. She has vulgarised the play and utterly ruined the character of the hero. The Marquis de Presles, when asked by Papa Poirier to cease to be idle and go in for politics, had a valid excuse in the suggestion that he, an aristocrat whose family had always been Royalist, could not serve politically under a republic. The Earl of Forres, when pressed to work, of course, has no similar excuse, and refuses because he is a contemptible, lazy parasite, and he has to answer with some foolish jests about company-promoters and aristocrats. This is merely one instance of the clumsy distortion of the play. However, it may be said simply that the foolish, birth-blinded aristocrat has been converted into a displeasing cad; that a young woman of noble character has been changed into a whining, undignified girl; that two splendid "old men" parts have been shorn of more than half their humour; and that two new characters are introduced, one a vulgar widow and the other a common, farcical ingénue. The result is that, while the four long acts of the original are never dull, the three acts of the new version are not infrequently tedious. tedious.

Yet it cannot be said that "An Aristocratic Alliance" is quite a failure. From time to time scenes from the original are put in bodily, and they go admirably. The interview between Mr. Potter and his man cook when he orders him to prepare a dinner of mutton broth, baked haddock stuffed, and roast pork with onions, and receives the instant resignation of the gastronomic artist, was the hit of the piece—probably Augier wrote it, not Sandeau. The episode of the letter which the wife tears up because though it might guard her harminess, it seemed to burt tears up because, though it might guard her happiness, it seemed to hurt her husband's honour—critics have ascribed it to Sandeau—told admirably.

Mr. de Lange, as the cook, had the triumph of the evening. Even Mr. de Lange, as the cook, had the triumph of the evening. Even Mr. Charles Wyndham's gaiety and lightness of touch could not make the hero pleasing. Mr. Charles Groves, as Poirier, or Potter, played excellently, and Mr. J. G. Taylor, as a shadowy kind of Verdelet, acted with much discretion. The Duc de Montmeyran has been chopped and changed till he becomes a common person as Captain Marchmont; Mr. Frank Worthing played the part, and, with no little skill, managed to give it some coherence. Miss Mary Moore looked very pretty as the heroine, and wore some lovely dresses.

MONOCLE.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Photographs by Ambrosetti, Turin.

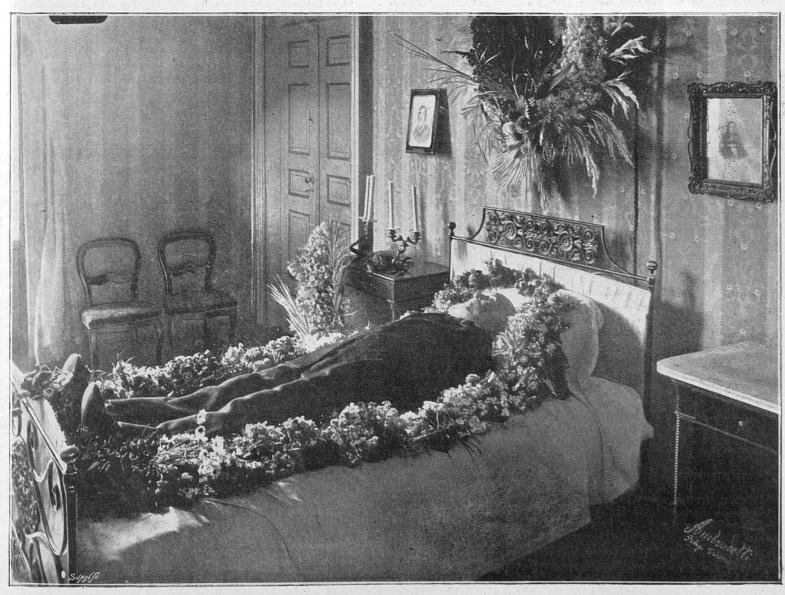
In Louis Kossuth one of the greatest enthusiasts of the century has passed away at the ripe age of ninety-two. For some years he has lived quietly at Turin in the Via dei Mille, where he occupied the first floor. It is a strange fact that he should have lived within a stone's-throw of the house Garibaldi occupied when he was staying in Turin. His study, from which the window opens on to a balcony, is a very fine room. Well-filled book-cases line the walls, and a large oil-painting of himself occupies a prominent place. The parquet flooris strewn with handsome Turkish rugs, and an air of comfort pervades the place, which, at the same time, is thoroughly business-like. Piles of manuscripts occupy the chairs, for up to the last Kossuth was busily employed compiling his great "History of Hungary," part of which has already appeared, but, alas! was not quite finished when the old man passed away, some what unexpectedly, from bronchial pneumonia. The ceiling of his study is handsomely painted inflorid Italian style, although the room itself has much more the appearance of an Englishman's study, with its solid arm-chairs, open fireplace, and general air of comfort and luxury, than one expects to find in an ordinary Italian room. From the window there is quite a good view

window there is quite a good view over a large public garden, which at first sight gives one the idea of a cemetery, it contains so many marble statues to celebrities. In this garden Kossuth walked every day, leaning on the arm of an old and trusty servant, for he was very feeble the last two years, although he maintained his intellectual qualities to the last. By his own request,



KOSSUTH'S HOUSE, TURIN.

Kossuth was embalmed, the process being most successfully accomplished. A privileged few were allowed to see him in the room where he died. There he lay, in the sacred calmness of death, entirely surrounded by a beautiful wreath of flowers, looking at least twenty years younger than in life.



KOSSUTH LYING IN STATE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be a pleasant one-day meeting at Hurst Park on Saturday, and the attendance is likely to be a large one. I believe the members' list has been largely added to since the end of 1893, and the Club Enclosure should now prove a fruitful source of revenue. I believe an attempt will sooner or later be made to sell the Club House on the opposite side of the road, as it is not needed for the wants of members. A well-known newspaper proprietor once begged me to buy Hurst Park shares at fifteen shillings each. They are now at double that figure.

I am told that one or two evening papers are experimenting with the telephone, with a view to getting results from the course in front of the tape, but this will take some doing. In the first place, the gentleman who sends the "winner" to the tape machine has a thorough knowledge of colours, and he can forestall the judge's verdict nine times out of ten—in fact, anything short of a dead heat finds him right. Of course, there is a difficulty in getting the "2 and 3" up so quickly, but this, I understand, will be overcome presently.

I am very glad to hear that the sharp individuals who have been getting the winners up by telephone and backing them have had their little game stopped, as the S.P. bookmakers have decided not to do business on any race after the advertised time set for a start to take place. I believe a certain clique worked a west-country meeting which took £2000 out of one of the London clubs alone, and, not satisfied with this amount, they prospected Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

The settling passed off well on Monday, as it always does when backers have to receive. I believe the professionals caught it warm over the win of Le Nicham, as it was such a universal tip. The bookmakers complain that nowadays there is no money for outsiders, and the punters generally manage to find the winner in twice or three times. If, therefore, two first and three second favourites are successful in one afternoon, the professionals lose heavily, and there is no doubt that genuine information can now be had by backers as well as layers, although a Cloister sometimes comes to the rescue of the ring.

Lord Rendlesham is mentioned as the likely candidate to succeed the Earl of Durham as a steward of the Jockey Club, and his election would be hailed with delight by all true sportsmen, who owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the good work he has done under the National Hunt Rules. It can be said of Lord Rendlesham that he is a real live man, who desires to deal out perfect justice to all. He lays himself out to hunt down evildoers, and we have seen of late how successfully he can cope with evils when they are seen to exist.

The next big event to come on the *tapis* will be the City and Suburban, and the general opinion is that Callistrate will go very close. At the same time, if Arcano goes to the post he will carry a lot of public money, as the colt is smart. I know Sir W. Throckmorton thinks he is quite good enough to beat Ladas in the Derby. This being so, I am afraid he will be kept for the Blue Riband. Of the three-year-olds that ran in the Lincoln Handicap, Grey Leg and Xury may do well at Epsom; the last-named can be made a deal fitter, and Grey Leg may be suited by the course. At present, however, I like Callistrate.

An ancestor of Mr. W. J. Ford's originated the Lincoln Handicap, but the real success of the race is due to the popularity of the present judge and handicapper. Mr. W. J. Ford is a thorough workman; he believes what he sees, and he, as a matter of course, does his work well. Mr. Ford devotes the same attention to a selling handicap that he does to the Lincoln event, with the result that more races are won by heads and necks in the north of England than anywhere else. The Ford family manage a great many meetings, all of which are successful, and I am sure it must give Mr. W. J. Ford the greatest satisfaction to know that his latest venture at Colwick Park is likely to turn out a big dividend-earning concern in the near future. Again, Hurst Park is now established beyond all doubt. Mr. Ford is ably assisted by his sons, who have graduated in a good school, and will, I am sure, uphold the family reputation. Mr. W. Ford, jun., is a very efficient Clerk of the Course. He can frame a good handicap, and often judges at race meetings. Mr. John Ford is Secretary and Auctioneer of the Lincoln Meeting, and Mr. H. Ford acts as Clerk of the Scales.

I believe Colonel North has definitely decided not to try and enter Parliament, just yet, at any rate, and when he can spare the time from his City business he will be seen on the racecourse as of yore. The Colonel had wretched luck on the Turf last season, and, as he invariably backed his own horses when they ran, he must have had a bad year. I hope, however, that the five-pointed stars will be often seen to the fore this season. Colonel North has some promising two-year-olds coming on, and I, for one, should very much like to see him own the winner of a classic race. When he decides to start his own breeding stud, I think he will be more successful on the Turf.

Several owners tell me that it would be a vast improvement if all races closed on Wednesday instead of Tuesday. As a rule, all the chief events are run on a Wednesday, and horses finishing well up would forthwith be nominated for events to come, only now it is too late. This would, in my opinion, be the greatest reform of our time, and it could be easily managed if Messrs. Weatherby doubled their staff of clerks and compositors, as the official organ of the Jockey Club could, without any trouble, still be published every Thursday afternoon.

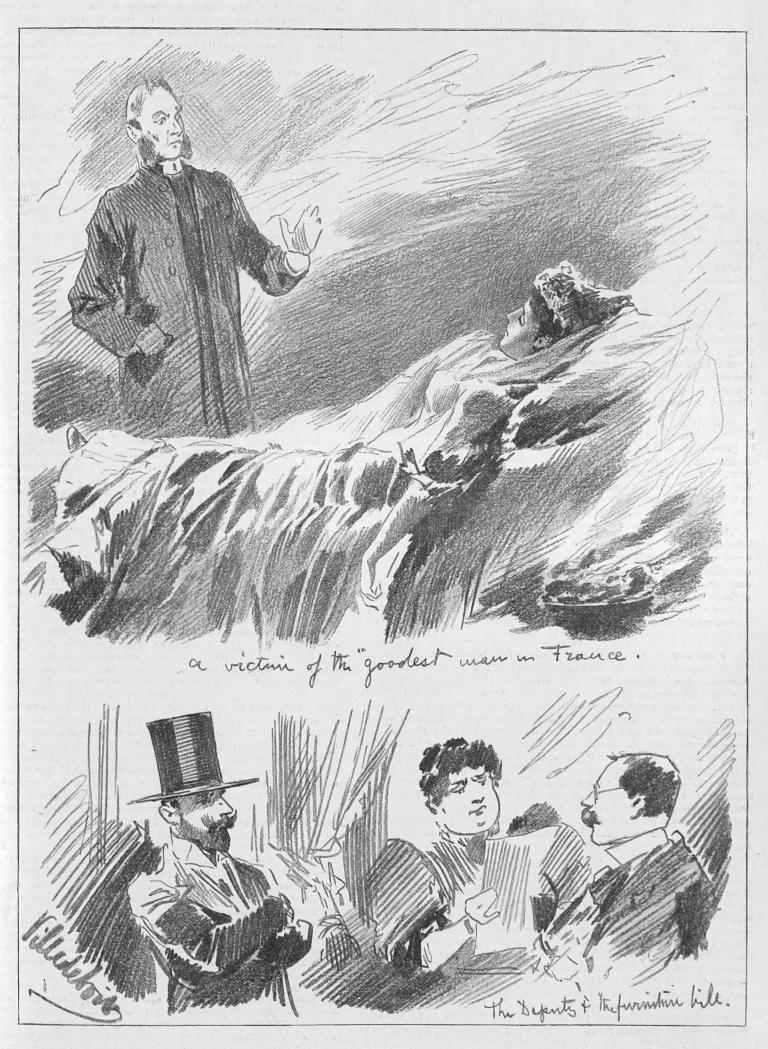
LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Never before in the annals of Paris has such a warm, not to say hot, week been experienced for this time of the year as these last seven days of March. The chestnuts of the Champs Elysées are all quite green, and the graceful weeping willows in the Bois, with their delicate hanging tendrils, look real fairy trees, so deliciously fresh and fair to behold are they. On Easter Monday the middle classes with their families crowded to the Bois, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and it was astonishing to note how very tastefully and charmingly dressed were most of the young girls. In England the fashions of the day are so apt to be exaggerated by ordinary shop-girls that it is positively wonderful they cannot see for themselves what travesties of good taste and neatness they degenerate into. It was with a sinking of the heart that I recognised in the gay crowd a typical tourist Englishwoman approaching. No wonder that the French jeer about our garments when caricatures are seen such as this particular specimen was. Arrayed in an old blue-serge skirt, which wobbled about her heels as she walked, down-trodden heels, a very masculine shirt, with a blazing scarlet tie, the inevitable sailor hat perched far back on a haystack of impossibly fluffy hair of the tow kind, coiled into that horror of horrors a "bun," the fringe apparently glued down with gum to the forehead, a walking-stick swinging in the hand, and gloves so dirty that none but an Englishwoman would have dared to appear in—this was how my compatriot swaggered down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, clinging to the arm of her male companion. It is such a shame that some girls hailing from our island should think that, because they are in Paris, and are not known, they should become so recklessly untidy and negligent, both in appearance and behaviour, as so many of them undoubtedly do. The ordinary Englishman tourist dresses as absurdly as the female; any day, almost, one runs against him, dressed in a "toney" Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, on the Champs El

M. Delaleux is evidently a model mari complaisant. An employee of the Orleans Railway, he was married just twenty years ago to a pretty young girl, with whom he lived very happily for two years, and who bore him two children in that time. Then she honoured a mutual friend, Fréville, with her society for the next three years, and bestowed upon him the utmost complement of children possible in the period, children whom her forsaken spouse obligingly registered at the mairie in his name. Soon afterwards she returned to him, however, again, and then again left him to return chez Fréville, until there were ten children living with Delaleux and eight with the lover. When Madame Delaleux produced the nineteenth child, her "lawfulwedded" husband became a little impatient, and like the proverbial worm began to turn. Accordingly, the trio presented themselves one fine morning at a Paris police court, and explained their household arrangements most succinctly to the judge, Madame Delaleux adding, "We are all agreed as to the eighteen children, but the last is the bone of contention." The husband first declared he wanted a divorce, but on the judge suggesting that the wife and her lover should each be fined sixteen francs instead he was perfectly satisfied, in spite of the prolific lady telling him he would eventually have to pay the fines himself. This he actually did, and, in high spirits at having won what he called a "moral victory" for himself, he repaired to the nearest wineshop to celebrate the event with an enemy on each arm, and the merry party subsequently sat down to a sumptuous lunch of matelote d'anguilles and lapin de garenne, paid for by M. Delaleux.

Mdlle. Debriège is a very pretty and popular music-hall singer—one of the first lights of the Concert Parisien, in fact. While singing one night at that well-known place of amusement, one of the waiters informed her that a gentleman of good appearance was dying to make her acquaintance. Exclusiveness not being among Mdlle. Debriège's faults, an introduction was brought about, and the artist was not long in finding out that her elderly admirer was M. Paulmier, Deputy for Calvados, a married man with a jealous wife. They became great friends, and when Mdlle. Debriège moved into bigger apartments she asked him to accompany her to a furniture shop. The Deputy was most generous with advice, and the articles chosen were all selected by him. When the bill was presented soon afterwards at his own house, and Madame Paulmier accidentally saw the upholsterer, there were ructions, and, like the hero of that laughable farce, "Le Premier Mari de France," the festive Deputy tried to get out of it by the most barefaced assumption of innocence and ignorance. Madame Debriège, in revenge, brought an action to recover the money—or, rather, the tradesman did—and, although they lost their case, it was clearly proved to Madame Paulmier that her husband was not quite the ill-used victim he had made her believe.

MIMOSA.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS

SMALL TALK.

Since the arrival of the Court at Florence the Queen has enjoyed excellent health, and, so far, the weather has been all that could be desired. The daily routine at the Villa Fabbricotti is nearly the same as at Balmoral. Her Majesty breakfasts alone, or with Princess Beatrice at nine o'clock, and then works at "affairs" for a couple of hours with Sir Henry Ponsonby, while the Minister in attendance generally has an audience in the course of the morning. Shortly after twelve o'clock the Queen goes out in the private grounds in her donkey chaise, and at two o'clock her Majesty lunches with Princess Beatrice. After lunch the Queen starts in an open carriage for a long drive to some point of interest in the neighbourhood. On returning, tea is served, and then several telegrams are sure to be waiting which require immediate attendance and involve a second sitting with Sir Henry Ponsonby. At a quarter to nine dinner is served, and the suite take their meal at the same hour in another room. After dinner the Queen chats with Princess Beatrice and Lady Churchill until she retires to bed at about eleven o'clock.

There is no truth in the report that the Queen intends to visit Ireland during the summer. The Court plans for the remainder of the year are already settled. The Queen returns to Windsor during the last week of April, and will reside at the Castle until after Whitsuntide, when a move is to be made to Balmoral. The Court is to stay in Scotland until the second week in July, when the Queen returns to Windsor for about three weeks, before removing to Osborne until the end of August.

The Queen's present practice of always taking the Indian domestics with her on her journeys to the Continent greatly increases the immense difficulties which a royal trip abroad always entails. A separate saloon has to be provided for these domestics, and all their meals have to be served in the train, as their caste will not permit of their going to the buffets with the other royal servants. For the same reason special accommodation has to be made for them wherever the Queen may be staying, involving a great deal of trouble and, of course, considerable extra expense. As these Orientals have practically no duties, the officials would be extremely grateful if they could in future be left at home.

The date of the Drawing Rooms which the Queen is to hold at Buckingham Palace shortly after her return from Florence will be fixed in a few days, and it is expected that they will both be fully attended. Owing to the new regulations limiting the number of presentations, it is probable that many applications will have to be refused. No dates have as yet been mentioned for the State Balls and State Concerts, all of which are to be given this year after Whitsuntide.

During her recent stay at Windsor Castle, the Empress Frederick spent the greater part of her spare time in the Royal Library, which contains a unique collection of valuable works of all times and every country. There is an especially fine collection of rare missals and curious manuscripts, and Mr. Holmes, the librarian, who is a persona grata with the Empress Frederick, spares neither time nor trouble in collecting the rarest of his treasures for her perusal.

Before leaving England, the Empress was engaged in London for several days with private business, connected with the large investments she holds in English securities. The Empress has a life interest in the immense fortune left in trust by the Emperor William to her late husband. The trustees appointed by the Emperor were the Queen, the King of the Belgians, and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the will contained explicit instructions that the fund should be chiefly invested in England. In addition to this, the whole of the large fortune left to the Empress Frederick by the Duchess of Galliera is also now invested in English securities, so that the Empress had a considerable amount of business to attend to before returning to the Continent. Lord Cross, who succeeded the late Lord Sydney as the Queen's confidential financial adviser, is also the Empress Frederick's "financial agent," and from his early training with Parr's Banking Company, where he was for many years chief cashier, is eminently fitted to undertake the delicate and onerous duties which thus devolve upon him.

The German Emperor is to pay another visit to Cowes this year during the regatta week. The preliminary arrangements for the Emperor's visit are already settled, and his programme will be very nearly the same as it was last year. His Majesty will probably arrive in the Solent from Germany on Sunday, Aug. 5, unless he finally decides to come over in time for the Goodwood Meeting, in which case he will arrive on Sunday, July 29. During the Cowes week there will be a succession of dinner parties in honour of the Emperor. On Monday he is to be entertained by the Queen at Osborne, on Tuesday he is expected to dine at the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House, on Wednesday he is to be the guest of the Prince of Wales on board the royal yacht Osborne, while on Thursday his Majesty is to give a large dinner party and reception on board his own yacht. On Friday there is to be a second dinner party at Osborne, and on Saturday evening the Emperor will leave again for Germany.

The new Earl of Lovelace is, I understand, about to take up his abode at Ockham Park, near Ripley, which for several years has been let to the Countess of Norbury. Ockham is the old Surrey seat of the Lovelace family, having been purchased by the eminent Lord Chancellor King in the reign of good Queen Anne. The Chancellor made many

additions to the older mansion, which was built by the Westons in the early part of the seventeenth century, and a later Lord King still further Italianised the house, so that but little of the original mansion remains. Lord Chancellor King was a nephew of John Locke, many mementoes of whom, in the shape of books and manuscripts, remain in the fine library, which at one time contained ten thousand volumes. It is rather curious that each of the four sons of the Lord Chancellor succeeded to his peerage, and that within the comparatively short period of thirty-five years. At the coronation of her Majesty in 1838 the late Lord King was created Viscount Ockham and Earl of Lovelace. It was this nobleman who, three years previously, married the only child of Byron's unfortunate marriage. The grounds and, indeed, the whole of the immediate neighbourhood of Ockham are remarkably beautiful.

Prince Marie André Poniatowski, whose name is familiar to so many in connection with that stirring melody, "The Yeoman's Wedding Song," is to be married shortly to a well-known society beauty in New York, Miss Maude Bourke. Prince Poniatowski is a strapping athlete, and to many striking individualities adds the rather unusual one for a man in his station of advanced democratic principles—or prejudices, as others would call them. Half New York has been asked to his wedding, which will, however, be attended less by the free lances of Prince Marie's beloved Radicalism than the exclusive inhabitants of the most exclusive society in the world, one of the peculiarities of Republicanism in Governments being that, while disavowing, it adores an aristocraev.

To what base uses have the succulent fig and toothsome gingerbread of our childish affections truly come when one hears that, as house-breaking accessories, these somewhat sticky confitures are important aids to "the profession"! Found in such disreputable society as a jemmy and skeleton keys of doubtful character, the proprietor was fain to confess that figs and gingerbread would come in handy for fixing paper to glass, and so deadening the noise of forced-in windows. My early trust in gingerbread thus goes at one fell blow, and the placid affection with which I have hitherto regarded figs naturally follows. How our young beliefs disappear under the cold and searching light of science and dark lanterns!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead mutton at eleven pence per pound and freely purchased same, mistaking its New Zealand antecedents for the blue blood of a Southdown ancestry, is, on discovering the truth, naturally angered with that fallible being, the butcher, for playing him false, so a general marking of foreign meat seems to this much-put-upon householder as only rendering tardily to Cæsar, in the person of the British public, what has long been Cæsar's due. But the butcher rises superior to logic or logicians, and in the face of a "dull and featureless" foreign meat market pops on 10 per cent. on all imported flesh, and when called on for a reason explains that—that, in short, meat is "riz," and that is all he knows about it. How long, I should like to know, are we stupid Britons going to continue paying from seven to fourteen pence a pound for our joints, when the retailer actually buys foreign beef and mutton at from twopence to fourpence a pound? Surely it is time to revolt against that sword of Damocles, the butcher's book, which has so long reigned triumphant and extortionate over the heads of housekeepers, young and old. The advocates of marking foreign meat should agitate still further for specific branding, so that we may not have altogether to rely on the unimpeachable assertions of our purveyors, with whom the Shaksperian axiom of "What's in a name?" is so seriously acted up to.

In the spring season of desires and fancies the fingers of the covetous lightly turn to overcoats, umbrellas, and other adjuncts of the convenient hall-rack. Why more in spring than at other seasons, only the poet's analytical faculty can divine; but the fact remains. Pathetic letters addressed to the morning papers, with grievous descriptions of blandishments, persuasions, and pilferings, as practised by the area-sneak and other gentry of his ilk on unsuspicious domestics, appear regularly at this time of year, just as gooseberries and sea-serpents in the silly season—with this difference, however, that the gooseberry is not always authentic, while the chevalier of industry is absolutely a fact. His latest mannerism is rather alarming, and implies collusion of a very puzzling kind. A mantle, a frock-coat, or whatnot is ordered, sent home, and the purchase duly paid for. This is the story. Now follows the moral, or, rather, the immoral. Within an hour of the delivery of the parcel a messenger returns with a note, duly stamped with the firm's name, asking the return of the parcel, as a slight error or improvement has been overlooked. The parcel is made up and returned. Exit messenger, and the "dry goods" are seen no more by their bereaved owners. Incredible as this audacity seems, the trick is being regularly practised, and it would be well, therefore, to exercise due discretion before confiding treasured belongings to the casual messenger.

Those to whom "nine times eight" has always been a stumbling-block may now breathe freely, and despise the multiplication table and its riddles, for a clever patentee has made the crooked ways of calculation straight by inventing a mechanical totter-up, before which even the Differential Calculus gives way. Addition, subtraction, square and cube root are nowhere, and the terrors of the fractional part are promptly put to flight by this wonderful "Registering Accountant." The instrument somewhat resembles a typewriter, and can be used for calculations and compound additions up to one million pounds. It is largely used in America, and, no doubt, will be welcomed by commercial men over here. What next?



MISS LILY HAROLD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Miss Lily Harold is a familiar figure on the burlesque stage, her latest appearance having been in the Drury Lane pantomime, where she took the part of Tommy Boline. What the tricky Tommy had to do with the immortal history of Robinson Crusoe was not at all clear; but, then, pantomime—at least, of the curious music-hall type beloved by



 $\label{eq:Photo-by-A.Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.} \\ \text{MISS LILY HAROLD.}$

Druriolanus—is a medley of inconsistencies which nobody thinks of unravelling or connecting. It was sufficient that Miss Harold should appear in a saucy three-cornered hat and cut-away coat, such as admirals are wont to don, and this she did to perfection.

If, as has been hinted, Mr. Richard Mansfield pays us a professional visit this season, it is to be hoped that he will give those who have not seen it the opportunity of shuddering over his "transfiguration" as Jekyll and Hyde. Nothing so truly gruesome has been seen on the boards since Mr. Hyde made his audiences faint with terror at the facial contortions he excelled in, which threw nervous old ladies into fits, and made them look under their beds every night ever after. Nothing like a good dose of artistic horror occasionally to make one return to the cloying sweetness of ordinary dramatic prettinesses with resignation, and even thankfulness.

Perhaps Mr. George du Maurier may find a suitable subject for a *Punch* picture in the following absolutely veracious narrative, taken from the modern annals of "our domestics." A housemaid of a decidedly "superior" sort recently left a situation, where she had been for several years, for the purpose of getting married. A few days ago her old mistress was both surprised and gratified to receive a packet of bridecake from her ex-housemaid, together with the *cards*, marked in the orthodox fashion, of Edwin and Angelina. Edwin, I should note, is employed at the General Post Office. What imitative beings we are!

It is interesting to note the addition of a new month to the calendar. A lady of my acquaintance, who does a good deal of visiting in a poor neighbourhood, was gravely informed, the other morning, by a cabman's wife, that, as business had been so bad, the latter would be glad when "the month of Lent" was over.

A lady of refinement to her finger-tips, polished, witty, and gracious, is Madame Lardin de Musset, sister of Alfred de Musset. Her drawing-room shows by its contents that she cherishes the memory of her distinguished and unhappy brother, a splendid portrait of whom adorns one of the walls, while numerous minor relies are to be seen here and there. Madame Lardin de Musset has lately been affected, not over pleasurably, by the rumours with regard to the publication of the correspondence of her brother with George Sand; but she has found a set-off to this in an arrangement made

with M. Jules Claretie for the early revival at the Français of Alfred de Musset's comedy, "Le Chandelier," which first saw the light in 1847, and has latterly dropped out of the repertory.

It was this play that contained the well-known "Chanson de Fortunio." The task of setting this little poem to music was entrusted to Offenbach, at that time *chef d'orchestre* at the "House of Molière," but, unfortunately, Delaunay, who was east for the part of Fortunio, had an unpleasant singing voice, and so the "Chanson" was, after all, not sung in "Le Chandelier." By-and-by, however, Offenbach utilised his delightful couplets with effect in the one-act operetta, by Hector Crémieux and Ludovic Halèvy, also entitled "La Chanson de Fortunio."

To revert to Alfred de Musset. The monument to him, which will shortly be completed, is to be erected near the Church of St. Augustine, and will represent the poet as a young man, seated, holding an open book, and absorbed in thought. An allegorical figure of Poetry also appears in the sculpture, which is the work of MM. Mercier and Falguière.

Pierre Loti is now in the midst of a delightful trip, which will, no doubt, bear fruit ere long in an interesting book. He left Alexandria early in February to travel through Arabia Petræa, with his own caravan of camels, timing himself to reach Jerusalem for the Greek Easter (April 29). He is dressed as a Bedouin, and has been provided with a cordon of introductions to sheiks, partly by the intervention of his friend Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The only doubt is about the Sheik of Petra, who is notoriously cantankerous. If he is in a good humour, Loti will see some Assyrian and Roman remains, which have never been thoroughly explored; otherwise, he will have to go a long way round. He is travelling in the regular Arab fashion, on camel-back, living on mutton cooked in the sand, and drinking brackish water—when he can get it. From Jerusalem he will go to Damascus, thence, viâ Baalbek, to the coast, on by steamer to Constantinople and the Crimea, and home by way of Moscow. The whole trip will take five months. He is accompanied by the eccentric poet, the Duke de Dino, though he has always



Photo by A. Ellis, U. per Baker Street, N.W. MISS LILY HAROLD.

said he considered a companion the worst of all impedimenta on a journey of this kind. But it is impossible for anybody to refuse the Duke de Dino anything.

There is a fine hubbub going on at the other side of the herring-pond over the defective armour-plates which have been used on five of the Yankee war-ships. The Carnegie Steel Company have been fined to the tune of over a quarter of a million dollars for this little misdemeanour, and their four employees who put the Government on the scent have got a comfortable commission on the sum their late masters have been called on to disgorge. I hear there have been a good many headaches among Carnegie officials since the scandal leaked out.

of the very many objectionable people whom we seem to meet whenever we go out without our guns, keep me away from the man who thinks he knows everybody. A few weeks ago, at a fancy dress ball, which was attended by the élite of Bohemia, I met him. He was with a lady, whom he obviously wished to impress. He started by pointing out the conductor of the music, and he named a man who was not at that moment within a hundred miles of London. The next person to pass was the stage-manager of a popular theatre. "That's Mr. A.," said the well-informed one, naming a tragedian of the deepest dye. Entered a vestal from the Frivolity Theatre on the arm of a stockbroker. "Mr. and Mrs. X.," he whispered, naming a lady and gentleman who would not be seen at one of these balls for love or money. "How nice to know all these people," sighed the young lady. "Where have you met them, dear?" "Oh! knocking about," said her mentor, vaguely. I lost sight of him then, but, to my horror and disgust, found myself next to him at supper. As the bad wine filled his otherwise empty head, he became more and more lavish with his information. He launched some theatrical reminiscences, which were obviously false, libelled every professional person whose name he mentioned, until at last, as he was about to bespatter a lady's name, a gentleman sitting close to him rose and said, "I know the lady you've just mentioned, and strongly advise you not to invent stories about her, as you have been doing in other cases. Her husband is at the next table." My anguish came to an end on seeing the collapsed appearance of the knowing one and the look of suspicion on the face of his own beloved. But can nothing be done to destroy these people, who have such a large stock of malicious and fabulous information?

A post-prandial custom—which is, I understand, quite unique—obtains at Simpson's in Cheapside, a place so well known that it is altogether indifferent to advertisement, I expect. When the cheese has been served after the one o'clock "ordinary" fish dinner, the chairman (Mr. W. II. Willis) rises, and, calling attention by rapping the table with a black wooden hammer, suggests to the guests that they guess the height, the girth, and the weight of the mighty—not "mitey"—chunk of cheese remaining. Little discs of pink paper are handed round, on which you may record your speculations. If you like to back your opinion against that of your neighbour to the extent, say, of a cigar or a glass of punch, well, the management does not object. To test the height, Mr. Willis places a spirit-level on the cheese and solemnly measures it with a foot-rule. Then follow, after suitable intervals, the measurement of the girth with a tape and weighing of the piece of Cheddar. It is extraordinary what errors of judgment take place, and how ill-educated one's eyes are proved to be. Indeed, during seven years' occupancy of his chair, Mr. Willis can remember only two instances where all three queries as to dimension and weight were, to an eighth of an inch, correctly answered.

The old blind basket-maker by St. Martin's Church has been quickly followed across the Styx by another of his professional colleagues, if that is the correct term to use. This time I have to record the death of that clderly, grey-bearded pedestrian who had long been a familiar figure to all frequenters of Regent Street, from the fact of his being habitually led up and down by his large, faithful, and remarkably intelligent black dog, known as "Captain." The old man, who almost always wore a comforter, was formerly, I believe, a fire-engine driver. The grief of poor "Captain" over his dead master's body was, I am told, heartrending in its pathos.

Another who has lately disappeared from the ranks is the tall, burly fellow, clean-shaven, save for a patch of hair on his chin, who used to give himself out as being an ex-Lifeguardsman. Of others, many readers will be acquainted with the thin, pale-faced blind man who takes up his station in Oxford Street near the Princess's Theatre, and who has for companion a fine retriever with eyes as expressive as those of "Captain." This dog always holds in his mouth a gaily painted toy bucket, such as children use at the seaside, and a very convenient receptable for pennies it makes. Lately a competitor on the same beat has followed suit, the dog that holds his bucket being much younger and less experienced in the gentle art of mute begging.

I am afraid that many of the fraternity are sad frauds, and this possibly uncharitable dictum of mine applies in particular to the man with long, lank red hair who ambles quickly along behind a white dog. On the other hand, there is no more respectable street blind-man in London than the short, wizened, cap-wearing old fellow who stands in a street leading out of Tottenham Court Road, and who lives, I think, down Drury Lane way. Many a time has he thanked me in accents of unmistakable sincerity for helping him across the road. Au contraire, another in the same district is the surliest old curmudgeon imaginable.

It is a curious coincidence that the two distinguished prisoners whom we have relegated to St. Helena should be connected in a way with that other prisoner of ours whose name is more generally associated with the island. Dinizulu and Undabuleo are the son and cousin of the Zulu king whose assegais were responsible for the death of the Prince Imperial, the heir of the other famous captive whose fate has now fallen upon them. I hear that the Zulus complain very much of the chilliness of St. Helena, although they have so far departed from the simplicity of their national costume as to don garments of lambswool.

Someone recently compared a perusal of the *Times*, with its overmastering sense of proportion, to a visit to some fine old club, where solemn, old-world gentlemen love to congregate as the broken yet buoyant city men used to do on the village green in one of Mr. Besant's stories. It is a somewhat similar sensation that I experience when I take a ramble through some of the efforts of the amateur journalist. His optimism is infectious. His sense of his own importance is salutary at a time when the individual is apt to become lost in the crowd, and this optimism is to be found nowhere more forcibly than in academic journalism. One of the latest recruits to this regiment, and certainly one of the best, hails not from the stately Cam or Isis, but the comparatively mushroom University College of Liverpool. It is a sixpenny magazine, called the *Sphinx*, a title which might more appropriately stand for one of the many regimental journals in which Tommy Atkins makes himself heard. The price is rather heavy compared with that of some other college magazines I know. Of a much less pretentious kind is the magazine of the gallant Sutherland Highlanders, which has just been issued at Lahore, under the appropriate title the *Thin Red Line*, made familiar by Mr. Robert Gibb's famous picture.

Concerning that marvellous variety of orchid which is just now the pride of Messrs. F. Sander and Co. at St. Albans, the Miltoniopsis Bleui nobilior, that accepted authority, Mr. Frederick Boyle, writes: "I notice that Mr. Sander's men call their new flower simply 'The Flag.' They mean, apparently, that it is a challenge to the universe, and certainly when I caught a first glimpse of it from a distance—a snowy fleece lying on a background of glaucous green—the title seemed happy. Sir Thomas Browne's quaint remark about the strawberry recurred to mind, 'Doubtless the Almighty could have made a better fruit, but sure He never did.' To catalogue beauty is always an ungenial task, but it cannot be hoped that many fellow-creatures will see the harmonious whole, unhappily. Briefly, there are sixteen immense flowers on this small plant—two spikes from each bulb, showing how free it is to bloom. They lie flat, suspended, as



Photo by H. Thomas, St. Albans.
A RARE ORCHID.

it were, like a Venetian banner; but sepals and petals curl back softly at the tips. The former are white, the latter tenderly stained with mauve. Beneath the delicate little column lies a yellow star, striped with cinnamon, which stands on a half-circle of tawny maroon crowning the labellum—the distinguishing mark of Odontoglossum vexillarium, one of the parents. Round this half-circle, short rays of tawny mauve form a fringe, which softens its outline—too abrupt otherwise, perhaps—on the snowy whiteness of the lip. The lip thus strikingly decorated makes more than half the flower, so wide are its twin lobes, parted by an indentation. Note in especial how roundly each white bosom puffs out, 'ruffling her pure cold plume,' as if to claim attention. A flag of triumph, indeed!"

"A Gaiety Girl," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has many attractive features, from dainty dresses to catchy songs, and not least is the dancing of Miss Maggie Gorst. Miss Gorst has not had a lengthy stage experience, but already she is making a name for herself.

It seems a little incongruous to present a set of new tableaux vivants illustrating "England's heroes toiling day by day" and a new farcical ballet on the same evening; but Friday evening—the night on which only the Independent Theatre Society has the pluck to give its "first nights"—saw the two at the Alhambra, and so did I. However, incongruity is



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W. MISS MAGGIE GORST.

the keynote of the music-halls, in which the Socialistic parson in "A Comedy of Sighs" sees "the germ of the drama of the future." The tableaux gave pictures of doughty deeds done by miners, "coppers," engine-drivers, firemen, and life-boatmen, illustrated by stanzas from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott, whose work has a sincerity and directness that drove the ideas home into the hearts of the audience. Mr. Sidney Valentine—the Mr. Stoach of "The Bauble Shop," and one of our most promising players—recited the stanzas with great energy and complete success. It is certain that these living pictures will be successful as an entertainment, even if they fail in their avowed object of inducing the Queen to found a cross for reward of deeds of civic valour.

The ballet, "The Revolt of the Daughters," claims no higher title than that of "pantomime divertissement," and might be entitled "High Jinks of a Ladies' Club." Without any painful attempt at realism, we had some merry revels at what the impolite call a "hen club," then a police raid, a sauve qui peut of the members, a police-court trial, an acquittal, and a frenzied dance of joy by countless ladies at escaping "half-a-thick-'un" or ten days. Quaint dresses, lively music by the popular Jacobi, gay dancing of humble order, comic bustling business, and pretty girls made a pot pourri well calculated to please the palate of the music-hall audience.

It has been left to Mr. Andrew Lang to state a melancholy fact in a memorable way—that all can rhyme when all can write. That is undoubtedly melancholy, because many good people are of opinion that poetry and penmanship are synonymous terms. They become serious and are unheard, when they might be jaunty and jingle to a goodly audience. That is what Mr. Alfred Cochrane has done, and he should readily find an audience, even though he reminds the reader of Mr. Austin-Dobson and Mr. Lang himself. Nothing half so cheerful and amusing as his pretty little booklet, "The Kestrel's Nest" (Longmans), has appeared for some time, thanks to the author's good humour and good rhymes and to the exquisite type in which Messrs. Constable have set him forth. We find echoes of Herrick and of Praed, as of their best modern representatives, and yet there is an air of originality about most of Mr. Cochrane's jingles. He is a past-master of the blithe ballade, and he rhymes with

ease in a variety of catching metres. Let me quote one specimen, not because it is the best, but because it is the most compact, that "To Miss Kitty Steyne"—

Miss Kitty Steyne—an echo rare
Of Georgian sweetness lingers there,
And fancy, at the sound, portrays
Some blushing toast, the Tonbridge craze
With sprigged brocade and powdered hair.
You should be making Fox despair,
George Selwyn sigh, and Walpole stare,
Setting their modish hearts ablaze,
Miss Kitty Steyne.

Yet, bringing laughter everywhere, And sovereign charms to banish care, To win a modern gallant's praise You come in these degenerate days, No whit less blithe and debonair, Miss Kitty Steyne.

The lady journalist has been coming to the front in several senses lately, and that this privileged section of Fleet Street or West Central society should be expected to pay its legal adviser after the social amenities of a boarding-house friendship surely seems somewhat hard. In effect, all the learned professions, not to mention the trading public, might be pardoned for succumbing to that potent personage, the lady journalist and advertising tout, when combined in one omnipotent personality. With the universe at her feet, should she be asked to pay her mere legal adviser—one, too, who was privileged to call her by her Christian, or rather tribal, patronymic? Perish the thought!

Verily, the emancipation of the fair sex goes on apace. The other day I was travelling to London from the country, and shared a smoking-carriage with a friend. A mile or more from the starting-point the train made its first and last call before proceeding at express speed to the Metropolis. Just as we were about to start, a lady entered the carriage somewhat hurriedly. We instantly threw away our eigarcttes, and waited for a favourable opportunity to ask permission to light others. This was wholly unnecessary. The lady opened her reticule, produced a long eigar, and commenced to smoke like a troublesome chimney. Then, producing from a pile of papers a thick and learned review, she combined a careful study of the same with the comforts of that fragrant weed, which was obviously strong. In half an hour she had consumed one and started on another, which occupied her until the train reached the



Photo by A, Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W. MISS MAGGIE GORST IN "A GAIETY GIRL."

terminus. Now, be it known to all men that a eigarette, if daintily handled, is not detrimental to the manifold attractions of the softer sex, but two long, strong eigars within an hour and a-half! Well, "There ain't a word," as the low comedian used to sing. Let us pray for the abolition of emancipated women, and call the next case.



MISS .MAGGIE GORST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN EXPIRING PEOPLE.*

If one stood in need of an antidote to the poison of Mr. Lecky's Imperialism, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's story of the Eskimo is as powerful as any I know of. As a piece of special pleading it is very fine; but that is



A HUNTER, HIS WIFE, AND A YOUNG GIRL (WEST COAST OF GREENLAND).

scarcely a fair description of it. This man writes with his heart in his pen—writes of things that he has known and experienced, not merely of

externals that he has seen or heard of. To Dr. Nansen the Eskimo has become a man and a brother. For one long winter he lived their life in their intimate company, until their foes became his foes. Then, remembering that the oppressor of the Eskimo was of his own kin, Dr. Nansen returned to civilisation only to deride it, and to deliver Greenland from the European trader and the missionary cre it be too late. "Let the heathen live unmolested in his darkness and content" is the burden of his exhortation to the conquering race. A pleasing petition this for the ear of the Foreign Office and the Church Missionary Society.

It cannot, however, be said that

It cannot, however, be said that Dr. Nansen lightly condemns. His love for these children of the ice-bound ocean has not blinded his eyes to the necessity of supporting their cause by solid facts and unanswerable statistics. But before marshalling them to rout the indifferent optimist Dr. Nansen draws a striking picture of the Eskimo in his habit as he lives. In appearance he is scarcely prepossessing,

judged, that is to say, by our accepted canons of beauty. But, having manfully divested his esthetic sense of European prejudice, Dr. Nansen avows that he "soon came to find these brown faces, gleaming with health and fat, really pleasing. They reflected the free life of nature, and suggested to my mind pictures of blue sea, white glaciers, and glittering sunshine."

Of the natural character of the Eskimo his historian cannot speak too highly. "The Greenlander," he writes, "is, of all God's creatures, gifted with the best disposition. Good-humour, peaceableness, and evenness of temper are the most prominent features in his character." As a result, they rarely quarrel among themselves, their energies being absorbed in the struggle for the necessities of life. Yet the wonderful buoyancy of his spirit saves him from feeling oppressed by "the cares of bread." The Eskimo is, in fact, a child, with a child's light-hearted carelessness of to-morrow and the fleeting elemental passions of the undeveloped human creature. It is in touching on their social condition that Dr. Nansen hurls his invective against the European. The invader seems to have come into a well-ordered community "without knowing or understanding the people or its requirements; they started from the assumption that it stood in need of improvement in every possible way, and, consequently, set to work to disturb and overturn the whole social order." Thus, in trying to inaugurate a foreign system, they inaugurated a whole Inferno of foreign vices, that of brandy-drinking being the chief.

on the position of woman and the Eskimo aspects of love and marriage, Dr. Nansen has many interesting facts to chronicle. Judicial proceedings and entertainments have a chapter to themselves, as well the "mental gifts, art, music, and poetry," that may be found in this primitive people. To pass to the Greenlander's religious idea, we find it akin to that of every other aboriginal race—a sort of pantheism which gave every stone, mountain, and river its indwelling spirit, called by the Eskimo inua. We also find traces of a belief in a supreme beneficent Being, and a principle of evil, and many legends which testify to some sort of faith in the immortality of the soul. All these myth-enerusted, half-formulated beliefs, quite divorced from morality as we understand it, were anothema to the missionaries who saw fit to scale "Greenland's icy mountains." So they preached Christ to the people, and did not scruple to urge home the gospel of love with the stroke of the lash. "The missionaries thought," to use Dr. Nansen's words, "that they could make this wild, free people of hunters into a civilised Christian nation, without for a moment suspecting that at heart these people were in many respects more Christian than themselves, and, among other things, like so many primitive people, had put into practice the Christian doctrine of love (charity) very much more fully than any Christian nation.

primitive people, had put into practice the Christian doctrine of love (charity) very much more fully than any Christian nation.

This is a hard saying, and Dr. Nansen says it many times in summing up the story of our relations with the Eskimo. We found a healthy, happy, if unlearned, race, and we have given them tuberculosis and small-pox. Through our instrumentality the passion for alcohol has impaired the hunter's dexterity, and the love of money has ousted the old free-handed hospitality. In Dr. Nansen's opinion, "the upshot of European activity in Greenland has been degeneration and decadence in every respect," and it must be admitted that his arguments go a long way towards proving his ease.

way towards proving his case.

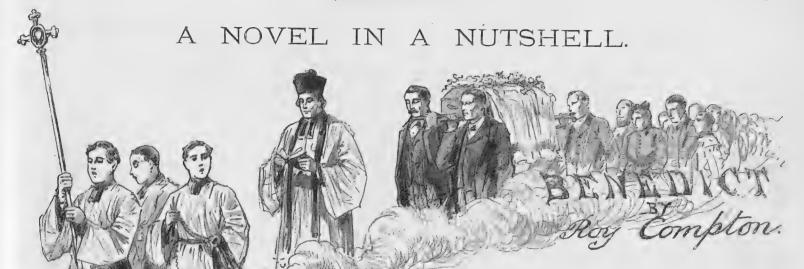
It is Mr. William Archer who has in a very excellent translation given this swan-song of a decaying race to England. But that it should give pause either to John Bull the Imperialist or John Bull the Christian is almost too much to hope.

R. D.



* Likimo Life." By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

SEAL-HUNTING.



oppressive air. Moved by some sudden caprice, she gathered her drapery into her hand, and followed the sad procession, winding along the road, till through an avenue of foliage on the summit of a hill the ruined Chapel of St. Rosalie came in sight. En route they encountered Jacques, the post-boy, and the lady lingered till the lad, having satisfied his religious scruples by falling on his knees while the procession passed, delivered to her a couple of letters. The slow bell for the souls of the departed

It was ripe autumn in a Rhenish village; the sun slowly sinking into its bed, tinged all Nature with the radiance of its departing glory. Mountains of irregular height, capped by forests of trees, stood out in bold relief against the red-dyed sky, and numbers of small grey-stone vintners' cottages nestled amid the luxuriant foliage on the slopes of the hills. Beneath all was the Rhine, sweeping silently through the valley below, till, falling over a cluster of rocks, it was transformed into a cataract, the roar of whose waters broke in upon the stillness of eventide, and mingled with the lowing of the various herds being driven back to their farms.

Against the doorway of one of the small cottages leant a woman, shading her eyes from the radiant afterglow with a small, elegantly shaped hand—a woman whose youth was already past, but whose delicate, refined features still retained the charm of earlier years. She was singularly attractive: masses of deadgold hair covered her shapely head; her eyes were large and dusky brown, and she looked from beneath their and sne looked from beneath their dark fringes with a slow, languid gaze. A soft silk of sombre hue enveloped her lissom figure and trailed on the grass at her feet. Among the vintners she was known as "La belle Anglaise," of whose beauty and proud, cold manner they stood somewhat in cold manner they stood somewhat in awe. She had come among them at the commencement of the summer, and, furnishing one of the little cottages to suit her requirements, lived there in comparative seclusion with an old servant who accompanied her. She sighed, half impatiently, half sadly, as she sat down to rest on the little carved scat in the porch. As she did so the mournful notes of a funeral hymn, borne onwards by the breeze, fell upon her ear in fitful cadence. A group of peasants, carrying in their midst a tiny coffin, covered with masses of white flowers, was slowly approaching, preceded by a priest accompanied by three acolytes, who carried a silver crucifix, and as they chanted swung a censer to and fro, leaving a delicate odour in the



" Desceration, Madam !"

had ceased ringing and the service had commenced when she reached the Fearing to disturb the mourners, she passed to the east end of the ruined chapel, and lifting the latch of the crazy little gate, which creaked rustily upon its hinges, found herself in the chapel. Near the door hung a painting of the Holy Mother, stained and disfigured with damp and age. Under the eastern window was a quaint, roughly hewn cross. Some passing breeze had carried with it a few seeds from a Passionflower, which, falling between the broken stones that paved the chapel, had sprung up, and now outlined the rugged cross with its rich purple blossoms. Part of the chapel was unroofed, but reverent piety kept the roof over the crucifix and altar intact. Scating herself in one of the ancient pews, and drawing a small silver dagger attached to her châtelaine, she proceeded to open the letters. Inside the first was a small note, surmounted by a coronet, and a purely conventional smile parted her lips as she glanced at the writing. It ran as follows—

" Carlton Club.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Where have you hidden yourself, and why? Mayfair is lost in amazement that the London season should find the beautiful Mrs. St. Croix absent, her enchanted palace shut up. Have you gone in search of your ideal? If the search fail, dare I hope?—Yours "ALEC VAVASOUR."

The other note was written on mauve scented paper and was purely

"Stratford Place, W. "Dearest May,-Really you are an enigma. Sir Alec Vavasour, who is now in town, haunts my house, and it requires all my ingenuity to parry his inquiries regarding your retreat. I hope you are happy there. He certainly is not. Come back soon, for my sympathy now is all for him. You have beauty, wealth, fame, and now a title lies at your feet. Most incomprehensible of women! What more can your heart desire? I enclose a note under protest.—Always, dearest, yours, "Hélène."

Mrs. St. Croix tore up the first note with impatient gesture, the second she read again. Beauty, wealth, fame! What had they brought her? Had they stayed for an hour the passionate cry of her heart, the maddening longing for an old love? The letter fell from her fingers as she clasped them over her face. Present sounds faded away. The solemn tones of the final benediction which floated in from the churchyard changed to the passionate pleading of a man. The silence seemed to intensify his anguish—his eternal farewell. The scent of roses that climbed round the ruined casements turned to the odour of frankincense and myrrh; the dying rays of sunlight were as myriads of lighted tapers, the chapel a massive cathedral. Through the silence rang out in the clear notes of a young man's voice the solemn vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, even unto death. She rose and paced in anguish the silent aisle. Can anything be more remorseless than memory, which awakens in every moment of our solitude a living witness to our soul's undyingness? As she grew calmer she approached the purple-outlined cross and gathered a flower from its stalk

"Desecration, Madam!"

A quick breath escaped Mrs. St. Croix's parted lips as the tones of the priest, who, unperceived, had observed the action, fell upon her ear.

"I crave pardon, Father. I did not mean it for such. I merely wished to carry away with me a remembrance of St. Rosalie."

The storm was past—once more she was a conventional woman of the world, calm and impassive. As she spoke she glanced up at the priest. He was motionless, as though carved in stone. Slowly the colour died

out of her face as she whispered incredulously-"Benedict!"

For a supreme moment each looked into the other's face. The woman was trembling violently, and her features were lit with yearning tenderness. The priest's lips moved, as though to speak, but no sound came. To him the mention of her name was sin. Had he not spent the best part of his manhood in penance and prayer, in trying to forget that beautiful face, that form, that voice? Was she not yet satisfied with his sacrifice-with the fact that, rather than be an impediment to her brilliant marriage, he had ceased to exist? Why had she again broken in upon his heart's solitude? When he spoke it was with an effort and in stern tones-

"Why are you here alone? Where is St. Croix?"

"Dead," was the almost inaudible reply.
"Dead!" he repeated in a husky tone, adding involuntarily, "Then you are free?'

He could not look away from her; his eyes fell on her fashionable attire, her jewelled fingers, her matured beauty. What an insuperable gulf lay between them!

To her the bitterness of all things had come as his cold, unsympathetic tones fell on her car. While she had suffered, he had forgotten.

"I came here," she answered, in her calm, conventional tones, "for

rest and peace, outside the world, not dreaming you were here.'

She paused.

A momentary gleam touched the man. Moved by impulse, he closed his fingers over the small, cold hand that grasped the edge of the quaintly carved seat and whispered-

"If you had known, what then?"

In an instant she noted the change in the priest's voice. After all, he was not quite dead to the world, and a glimmer of hope woke in her heart.

"Then I must still have come," she replied passionately, raising her eyes to his face, which was rigid and incredulous. "I am free now, and have never known happiness since we parted. Wealth, position, all

I possess is worthless without you to share them. Come back to the old world again, Benedict. You are all I care to live for." As finished speaking, carried away by her feelings, she sank at his feet. The priest's face was scarcely less agitated than her own.

"I cannot; I dare not. Do I not sin daily in remembering you? Have I not longed for the sound of your voice, the touch of your soft



Carried away by her feelings, she sank at his feet.

his name and lowered his head till their lips met. A moment seemed an eternity; then, thrusting her aside with a cry of anguish, he sprang away, and she heard his swift footsteps pass across the graveyard path.

A few days later, Sir Alec Vavasour received a note at his club which bore the Paris post-mark, and he was missing from the social whirlpool for a week, announcing on his return his engagement to Mrs. St. Croix. He declared he had met her in Paris, looking positively wretched after her travels, and had strongly advised her to remain there for a few weeks to dissipate the *ennui* she had endured among the Rhenish mountains and to regain her good looks before their wedding-day.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SAMPLER.

We all know that line of Owen Mercdith's once popular verses, no doubt, and have wondered, perhaps, now and then how a man of sense, observation, and a pretty talent could seriously proclaim that "old things were best." Who, for instance, in the face of new experiences, would lay his hand on his heart—in the full knowledge of cooking by electricity, kodaks, beef lozenges, with other civilised advances—and, simultaneously with that action, plead preference for the twilight days of tinkling harpsichord, seven o'clock tea, and samplers? On which last item turns, indeed, the pivot of my reflections. A fancy ball on a certain date claimed me for its own, and, rummaging in a grandmotherly dower chest for costume, bodice, and kerchief of a certain period, I came upon a crumpled, faded sampler. "Helen Desmond, 1802," was the legend that succeeded a laborious alphabet, wherein Gothic, Early English, and other capitals were worked in faithful cross-stitch. Here was certainly an old-fashioned but unlaborious way, after all, of learning one's letters and how to write one's name, I could not but think on examining the heautifully worked capitals. Notice of the state of the s beautifully worked capitals. Neatness, order, and the education of combining colours, were they not also taught in those peaceful hours, while the child sat at her mother's knee, and the small fingers wove in memories with their work which were never to be quite lost in the after years? How many influences, sweet as the seent of twilight flowers, were woven in those faltering cross-stitch threads! These small squares were gardens, and the rosebuds and very conventional pinks worked therein—dispersed, probably, among the more matter of-fact minerals—had surely kept the fragrance of childhood's skies These small long after the hands that planted them were folded for ever. Perhaps, indeed, some day we shall be tired of living at this lightning outrunning Time himself, and may again be willing to linger a little in shady parts of life's brief highway, and dally with the restful hours as they pass. But, alas! for the children of to-day there are no samplers and no quiet tickings of old Time's clock—only hurry, high pressure, and the too early knowledge of life and its great unrest.—x.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the United States at the "Hlustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York: and in Australasia, by Messes, Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

COMING MEN.

"The younger generation is knocking at the door."-IBSEN.

MR. F. R. BENSON.

Among the diverse marvels of the times not the least noteworthy is the uprising of Mr. F. R. Benson. "Many are called, but few are chosen," is a warning that applies most pertinently to the actor's art. And Mr. Benson, in emerging from the crowd with such remarkable celerity, has succeeded in demonstrating that, after all, a royal road to fortune



Photo by Eassano, Old Lond Street, W. MR. F. R. BENSON.

can be found by the clear-sighted. His course at New College, Oxford, where he matriculated in 1878, was not so much marked by brilliant scholastic attainments as by his prominence as a member of the University A.D.C. and as an athlete on the cinder-path. Perhaps the highest achievement of his collegiate days was the winning of the three-mile race in the inter-'Varsity sports of 1881 in the record time of 15 min. 5 4-5 sec. It is characteristic of the man that, although he has since given hostages to fortune, he still delights in manly sports, and frequently, when on tour, makes one in a football scrimmage. In this, as in other respects, he differs widely from the stereotyped tragedian of yore.

How comes it, then, that after less than a decade of experience he has attained a commanding position in the provinces such as the brightest adherents of the old school only attained after a lifetime of severe drudgery and protracted waiting? Briefly, it is because that in all things save its pessimism he is the quintessence of his times. When he arrived on the scene dramatic taste in the provinces was at the parting of the ways. The Shaksperian traditions had been worn threadbare: rugged dramatic instinct was fast giving place before the desire for subtle acting and pictorial embellishment. Of stock companies in the early 'eighties there pictorial embellishment. Of stock companies in the early 'eighties there was none to infect him with the plaudit-seeking tricks of the mummer, or to induce him to become "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face. So far from relying upon the experience of others, he has had to think for himself, a necessity which naturally leads, amid much brilliant work, to occasional crudity.

An early marriage was in every way fortunate, as it induced him to enter upon the risks of responsible management as director of the Benson Shaksperian and Old Comedy Company. In that capacity, although in no wise imitative, he is essentially of the Irving school, and justifies the existence of that phrase. At any rate, the Lyceum manager evidently saw in Mr. Benson a kindred spirit when he placed his younger son for a time under his ægis. Fostering high ideals, "the Irving of the provinces" is not only terribly in earnest, but has succeeded in convincing the large mass of country playgoers of his possession of those qualities. Moreover, his enthusiasm and devotion to art for art's sake have infected every individual member of his company, among whom

esprit de corps reigns supreme. Playgoers of the old school must fain gasp for breath when they find the First Murderer in "Richard III." act his relatively unimportant part with as much sincerity and fervour as the Crookback himself. Ensemble rather than one-sided brilliance is the distinguishing feature of the Benson Company. Mr. Benson himself evinces a repugnance to all the old conventional tricks of the deep tragedian. He avoids point-making; he is not perpetually hankering after the centre of the stage; he never cuts down another actor's part to after the centre of the stage; he never cuts down another actor's part to aggrandise his own, and he prefers his Shakspere undiluted. For theatrical puffery he has complete indifference, and has refrained from trading upon his kinship with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Approached recently by the ubiquitous interviewer, he astonished that worthy by remarking, "I have a theory that work ought to speak for itself. Until I have been more successful in working out my own salvation, I do not think I am a fit subject for an interview." Small wonder the journalist stood aghast. Earnestness plus humility forms a combination all too rare

in a profession prone to breed egotism.

London was afforded a taste of Mr. Benson's quality at the Globe during the winter season of 1889-90, when elaborate productions were made of "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," and "Othello." But the town was not yet ripe for the young actor-manager, and the temporarily jilted country rejoiced secretly thereat.

And properly so, for not since the days of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, of Manchester, have the provinces boasted a leader capable of mounting and elucidating Shakspere with taste and accuracy. As with Phelps at Sadler's Wells, Mr. Benson seems bent on producing the entire round of the aetable Shaksperian drama. Among lesser known pieces, he has recently added to his repertory "The Tempest," "Coriolanus," and "Julius Cæsar." It was a bold stroke to secure the services of Mr. Alma-Tadema to design the scenery for the last-mentioned tragedy. But not the most stubborn upholder of the two-boards-and-a-passion school days maintain that the local colour thus obtained did aught says school dare maintain that the local colour thus obtained did aught save school dare maintain that the local colour thus obtained did aught save aid the imagination of the spectator. One of the most interesting features of "Julius Cæsar" as performed at Manchester and Belfast was the masterly manipulation of the crowds; in the Forum scene especially the "rude mechanics" pushed and jostled one another with remarkable naturalness and spontaneity.

Viewed as an actor pure and simple, Mr. Benson is a mannerist who moulds his part to his individuality instead of merging his identity in the part. Most of the great actors of the century were of this type.



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W. AS ROMEO.

Barring an occasional tendency to clip his words, he has no unpleasant idiosynerasy. For the old, orotund style of delivery he has substituted a colloquial, thinking style, turning blank verse into glorified prose, and giving to the Shaksperian soliloquies a new significance, which, probably, contributes in no slight measure to the wide popularity of his Hamlet.

At present, however, Mr. Benson is but an actor of exceeding promise, working out, as he has said, his own salvation. An artist in the "legitimate" who ignores tradition, and has, therefore, no fundamental principle to rely upon, is bound for a time to produce unequal work. So far as present indications go to show, Mr. Benson's métier is polished comedy of the Benedick order combined with such genre work as he



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W. AS LYSANDER.

gives in his Shylock. Occasionally he ventures on breadth of treatment, as in his Othello and Richard III., but his attempt to paint on a large canvas only results in a coarse daub. In such parts his style borders perilously on rant. Much as I feel inclined to indulge in the gift of prophecy, I must fain content myself in saying that at present Mr. Benson looms large on the theatrical horizon.

W. J. L.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The book of these days for real entertainment is Mr. Crockett's "Raiders" (Unwin). It should give a sparkle to many a reader's holiday. Mr. Crockett has sprung into sudden fame. Before everybody has grasped the idea that "The Stickit Minister," his first book, was a success, out comes this other and far better one. It is among the good books of the year, and will remain so, be the others what they may.

As chance has it, the country he knows best of all, Galloway, is the most romantic in these islands. Is this controvertible? Even rumbling along to Scotland by the London and North-Western, once across the Border, is there not something in the air, or the colour, or the associations, that carries your mind peremptorily from stocks and shares? On the shores of the Solway you are liable to an intoxication which will most unwarrantably deceive you into the idea that you are a poet. Perhaps it may be memories of "Red Gauntlet" and "Guy Mannering"; perhaps the place itself. At all events, let it be granted that the south-western corner of Scotland is the most romantic of all. There lies Mr. Crockett's story-land. I have surely said enough to tempt even a jaded palate. "The Raiders" is an excellent tonic after a course of "neurotic" fiction.

But romance, like a few other good things, is, of course, old-fashioned. Here is something new among the new. In face of the almost threatening preface written by the "Independent" Mr. Grein, I'm not going to commit myself to criticism. And, after all, samples are the best evidence of the qualities of a book, whatever these may be—

"And now behold the orange sound of her voice speaking in his ear, and him awakening from his unconscious dreamings." . . . "The yellow of her voice sweeps with dashing power through the sea-green of his

wavering passion." . . . "She hears the loud and joyful laughter, tinted with white to orange sounds, amid the placid silence of this night of stars."

This is new, however, only as applied to fiction. The sound-colour sensation is an old one. It has long ago almost been reduced to a system, and some extremely modern French poets have used it largely in their verse. Why not, then, in fiction? I am not ready with an answer to Mr. Grein, or anyone else. The name of this remarkable book—and remarkable it is, for, if it be an experiment, it is no tawdry one—is "Anguish." The writer is Emilio Montanaro, and the English publishers Messrs. Henry.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's "Journalist's Note-Book" is a bulky one. It is the note-book of an observant, an industrious, and a successful journalist; it is also a back-look on a time when journalism and broadcloth were not often seen together. Perhaps this is one of the funny stories he only means us to half believe: "'You're a literary man, are you not?' a stranger said to a friend of mine. 'On the contrary, I'm a journalist,' was the reply. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure,' said the inquirer, detecting a certain indignant note in the disclaimer. 'I hope he wasn't hurt,' he added in an anxious voice, when we were alone; 'It was a foolish question; I might have known he was a journalist, he looked so respectable.'"

The tone of this book of a successful journalist raises the question, Are there no worthy and unsuccessful ones? Mr. Moore apparently thinks not, though he has known some that were unworthy and prosperous. But—and here comes in the kindliness of the book—all the stupid and the wicked ones he treats as belonging to or survivals of a past and barbarous age. He has a large gallery of portraits, with stories plentifully attached to each. There is the ignorant editor, he who was writing "The History of the Orange," who spoke of the Temps phonetically and thought the French Academy was a gallery in which naughty French pictures were hung. There is the ex-clergyman sub-editor, who wore rusty cloth gloves and wrote brilliant articles on Moresco-Gothic architecture, or battue-shooting, or anything else, purloined from the files of old London newspapers. There is the Scotch and the Irish braggart, the brilliant reporter whose conflagrations used to "cast a gloom over the town," and the imaginative compositor, and many more.

There are some stories, too, of more notable persons—of Mr. Irving, for instance—hero worshipping stories mostly. There is an interesting little incident of the apprehension of Carey for the Phænix Park murders, not published before, and a good deal of chat on nothing in particular. Serious, or amusing, or trivial, it is all brightly written. I'd enjoy his novels more than I do were he to write in as easy a style.

The poems that have gained the Chancellor's Gold Medal at Cambridge from 1859 to 1893 have been collected and published by Messrs. Gibbings. Highly respectable, but not very interesting, poems they are. Some of the subjects are not much more promising to the ordinary imagination than was "Timbuctoo"; yet, "The Destruction of Chicago" and "The Atlantic Cable" have wrung high-sounding tones from lyres that have been mute since then. The only two outstanding names among the medallists are those of Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Mr. Sidney Colvin.

But when we turn to look for the poems on "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington" and "The Distress in Lancashire," we find they have been "omitted by request of the author" (Mr. Myers), which is really disappointing. Mr. Colvin has been kinder, and let us learn how the theme of "Florence" inspired his youthful muse in 1865, and if we have heard something like this before—

She who lies
Soft-nested beneath the sheltering Apennines
In olive-clad Val d'Arno.
the Chanceller of the chanceller of

Well, at least, the Chancellor, judging from these specimens, seems to like best the things and phrases and metres that have become familiar with long usage. Even in 1893 there is no echo of the new fashions in poetry.

A queer, but seemingly a very faithful, picture of native West Indian life is "A Study in Colour," the last Pseudonym volume, by the lady who calls herself Alice Spinner. It has all the value of a fearless, personal impression. Mrs. Stowe's negroes—in fact, everybody else's negroes—were quite different. Perhaps other reporters shut their eyes, or thought it charitable not to mention certain characteristics.

The reporter, recognising a different standard of morality, taking the good with the bad, simply did not make herself the coloured folks' judge. She looked on them with tolerance where she could not influence, was often touched, very often amused. It is a disjointed set of sketches she has written, some admirable, others indifferent, all containing something interesting and fresh. The main point she emphasises is that pride in their race is non-existent, the one desire of the women being that their children, since they may not be white, should be of a sickly yellow rather than a fine, handsome, thoroughbred copper. Side references to the lingering superstitions guardedly spoken of by the people, but not dead, suggest the islands as a field for the folk-lorist.



"HER GRACE,"

MISS KATE JAMES AT HOME.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"Let me first compliment you on your 'dolly song'; your make-up is really wonderful." We both smiled at the thought of the quaint little figure attired in the skimpiest of skirts, a blue sash round its square waist, and a bit of blue ribbon tacked in most



MISS JAMES.

orthodox doll fashion to its flaxen hair, and then, as I thought of the orthodox doll fashion to its flaxen hair, and then, as I thought of the clever mechanical jointed movements which had made the Tivoli audience laugh and applaud so loudly the night before, I looked at Miss James in wonder, to think that she and that "6\(^3\)4d. Sale" doll should be one and the same person. She answered my wondering gaze with a comprehensive nod: "It was a good idea to think of getting myself up as a doll, wasn't it? and I think that had a great deal to do with the success of the song. The author, Mr. Spurr, never thought it would go, and was immensely surprised when it did. He wrote me such a kind letter about it."

"Do you find much difficulty in getting songs?"

such a kind letter about it."

"Do you find much difficulty in getting songs?"

"Well, of course, really good songs are always a little hard to find; but I get shoals sent to me. I have quite a number in readiness to bring out now, only while the two songs I am singing are such a success I can't drop them. Let me see, now: Mr. Lawrence Kellie has sent me a song, among other famous song-writers. I think it shows that the read converger was coming to the function music hell. it shows that the good composers are coming to the front when music-hall audiences like their work, as they undoubtedly do; and then I have a delightful little Japanese song, in which I shall wear this"; and after some rooting among a pile of dresses, with many apologies for their presence in the drawing-room, which was due, my hostess explained, to the fact that she was having one of the clearings out beloved by the heart of woman, Miss James unearthed a dainty little Japanese robe of black satin, exquisitely embroidered in lemon-coloured silk. "I could not think what to wear underneath it," she confessed naïvely, "but an artist advised me to have a very full petticoat of lemon-coloured silk. I think that would look well. Don't you?"

"I think your dresses always do look well," I made answer, with

perfect truth.

perfect truth.

"Well, I design and make every one of them myself," Miss James cried, with pardonable pride. "Of course, it takes a lot of time; but, then, I like doing it, and it saves a lot of money. Look at this, and this, and this!" she ejaculated, turning over three frocks which certainly looked as if they had seen a good deal of hard wear. "How often should you think I had worn each of these?"

I hazarded, "Twenty?"

"Less than a dozen," Miss James replied triumphantly; "the electric light takes all the colour out of my frocks, while the constant quick-changing simply tears them to pieces; so, altogether, it is just as well that I can run them up myself."

"Still, on the whole, you have never regretted going on the music-hall stage?" I queried.

"No; I like it immensely. The other week, Mr. Daly offered me a long engagement as chief soubrette. I did feel honoured, I can tell you, for, next to being asked to join Mr. Irving's company, this was one of my ambitions. However," Miss James went on, "I shall probably go to America some day, for Mr. Wemyss Henderson has made me any number of offers to go out to Chicago and also provided have in his production."

America some day, for Mr. Wemyss Henderson has made me any number of offers to go out to Chicago and play principal boy in his productions."

"Well, I'm glad we stand no chance of losing you just yet," I said heartily; "but, tell me, would you like to go back to boys' parts again, or would you rather stick to the long petticoats of the drama or the short ones of the music-halls?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind much. I like them all," Miss James made

answer cheerfully.

"Please tell me when you first went on the stage and some of the pieces you have played in."

"Well, I made my first appearance when I was ten years old. I belonged

to a theatrical family, and my aunt, Madame Collier, gave me my first lessons in dancing. I also studied singing under Miss Annie Thirlwall, and I think," said Miss James, modestly, "that whatever success I have gained—and the public has been very kind to me—has been due a great deal to the fact that I can sing and dance as well as act. Of course, you know that I did well with boys' parts, and I always count among my most important achievement the taking my of Mag Legis Readis parts in 5 The Nortesh Girls's ments the taking up of Miss Jessie Bond's part in 'The Nautch Girl' at the Savoy, Miss Fanny Brough's in 'The Sailor's Knot' at Drury Lane; and last, and most important of all, Miss Nellie Farren's part in 'Cinder-Ellen' at the Gaiety."

"I remember seeing you in all of them and thinking what a versatile genius you were, and now what about the other things you have

done?

"Do you really want a list of them? Well, then, are you ready?"and Miss James started off at lightning speed, and rattled off a string of names and plays and theatres and a succession of dates, coming up at the end smiling, but a trifle breathless, to find me in a perfectly bewildered condition, my only clear idea being admiration of Miss James's wonderful

memory. I came back for one parting shot. "Oh, by-the-way, do you like flats—living in them, I mean?"

"Certainly; for professional people like myself they are perfection—in fact, to be at all comfortable, you must live in one; but for private folk—well, I know that I for one should love to have my own front door

and my own doorstep. Now, good-bye, really."



MISS JAMES AS A DOLL.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The death of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen reminds us of the active services of one whose sense of organisation in the way of art exhibitions was very remarkable and valuable. His connection with South Kensington was in every way advantageous to that institution. In a sense, his loss will not be felt so keenly as it might have been a short time back, since he had but recently retired from his position at South Kensington. But it is well to make some memorial of a career that was eminently useful to the State and to the country.

We regret exceedingly to learn of the illness of Sir John Millais, which seems to have assumed quite an seems to have assumed quite an alarming character. Its nature is so described by Lady Millais in her letter to the organisers of the Art Section of the Antwerp Exhibition, in which she also states that on account of Sir John's serious indisposition he will not be able to send any pictures to that exhibition. Sir Frederic Leighton will not however, an unrepresented at will not, however, go unrepresented at will not, however, go unrepresented at the same show, his two recent works, "Rizpah" and "The Garden of the Hesperides," having been chosen by him as the worthiest examples of his art, even for so distinguished an exhibitor. Other Academicians have been invited to contribute some of their works, and the invitation has been generally accepted.

We reserve a separate paragraph for Mr. Whistler, as it were "by special request." The condition upon which he sends his work to Antwerp is that "he is placed nowhere near the Burlington House faction." To quote Lord Beaconsfield's semi-serious, semi-jocular



GIPSY LIFE IN WINTER.—CLAUDE HAYES. Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond. Street.

comment upon Mr. Gladstone, this is, indeed, "the wrath, the inexorable wrath of Achilles." The epic poet has yet to arise who shall be worthy to write the Whistleriad. He would require a rather curious collection of gifts to write it.

Mr. Gladstone's resignation has shifted the responsibility of the choice of a ruler of the National Gallery's destinies to the shoulders



A PILGRIMAGE .-- I. VERHEYDEN. Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND BRIDGE, OXFORD.—MAX LUDBY, Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street.

of Lord Rosebery, to whom, we understand, the lengthy correspondence dealing with the merits of the three principal candidates has been transferred. It has already been pointed out that the question, apparently simple, which clamours for solution is just this—Shall he be painter or mere connoisseur? Which, of course, reduces itself to the

further question, Can a painter be a mere connoisseur? If he cannot, the choice should obviously fall upon the connoisseur. If he can, the question is still open.

In the matter of mere *d priori* reasoning, the connoisseur evidently gets the best of it. But over and above these suggestions some few reasons may be offered in further demonstration that, by all natural deductions, a painter should be only an indifferent connoisseur. That he should have an original style in art can only be achieved, with every respect to Mr. Harry Quilter, by a painter's adherence to a single school of art. That adherence can only be loyally kept by a certain warping of the judgment towards other schools of art. His choice, if it be a personal and independent choice, must inevitably be regulated by a prejudice honourable, highly honourable, in his own profession, but, for his capacity as director of a great gallery, most unfortunate for the general advantage of such a gallery.

A connoisseur, on the other hand, it is rightly urged, belongs, and must necessarily belong, to no school in particular, but to all schools in general. The merits of each school are known to him, and he has a right to weigh up those merits against defects that are also known. His choice should be liberal and broadly judged. Being acquainted with the technical value of pictorial work, he is as capable as any painter in the world of knowing the merely painter-like qualities of any artistic achievement: but, since his pro-

he is as capable as any painter in the world of knowing the merely painter-like qualities of any artistic achievement; but, since his profession is also concerned with the æsthetic value of a painting in a peculiar manner, his judgment in this regard cannot fail to be more serious and interesting, and, as a consequence, more valuable.



"THE ROCK-BEATING SURF": LYDSLEY COVE, TENBY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON, CHEPSTOW,



PEG WOFFINGTON.—HENRY MORLAND. Exhibited at the French Gallery.



THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.—F. DIMMA. Exhibited at the St. James's Gallery (Mendoza).



LA FÊTE-DIEU.—A. MOREAU. EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



HIS MAJESTY AT REST.
THEM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

OUR SISTERS ON CYCLES.

Daisy Bell has a pedigree; the quaint old print which is reproduced here amply proves it, and in a country like our own a pedigree is the first necessity for the validity of anything. When poor little Daisy Bell promulgated her propaganda on the method of spending a honeymoon she had to seek her audience in "the halls," and, although the reception of

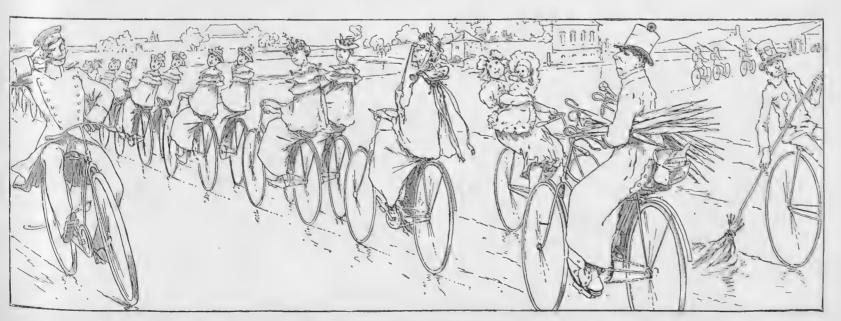
the woman of the period. Even so staunch a supporter of the domestic theory as Sir Dyce Duckworth has to admit this, for in his recently published pamphlet on "Woman in the Twentieth Century" he tells us of the facilities for locomotion within the last five-and-twenty years and the restlessness thus induced in the sex. The accompanying print, however, shows that "the facilities for locomotion" dawned upon lovely woman much longer ago even than the 'sixties, although a certain Protagoras of that palmy period insists on the restless



THE PAST.

her proposal was an enthusiastic one, the *imprimatur* of the music-halls carries with it little recommendation to the prosaic every-day world. Indeed, while Miss Bell was at the height of her popularity, a young lady who wears one of those childish, fluffy frocks which entitle young ladies to be called "scrio-comics" opened a crusade on her own account with a ditty in which the bride announced to her beloved that "a bicycle will not do." Now that "D'isy" has received the torturing treatment of the piano-organette, almost every vestige of her validity has vanished. It is difficult for some folk, even at this time of day, to accept any theory of woman's place except that which plants her by the home and hearth. That, however, is not sufficient for

woman as a modern development. The "Ladies' Pedestrian Hobby-Horse" dates, at any rate, from the sober recesses of the year 1819, when it was exhibited in Brewer Street, Golden Square. It is true that the riders had not emancipated themselves from the trammels of the petticoat—that has been left for the girl of the period to perform, and, probably, the natty "knickers" which Mrs. H. L. Clark has devised for the lady cyclist, and which were illustrated in these pages the other week, would have shocked the Pedestrian Hobby-Horsewomen of 1819. In fact, to judge from the sketch of the German artist also given here, the idea of a suitable cycling costume does not seem even yet to have struck the merry maidens of the Fatherland.



THE FUTURE: DAISY IN DEUTSCHLAND.

COOK'S TOUR TO BULUWAYO.

I called upon the firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, in Ludgate Circus, to gather some information about the trip which they are organising to

the capital of Matabeleland.

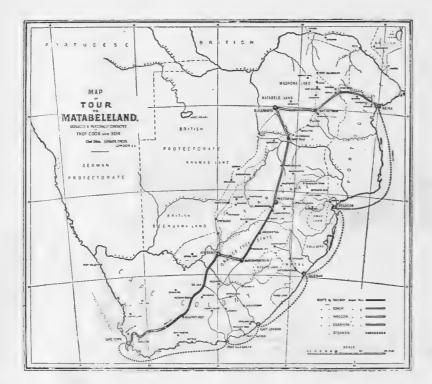
"Well, Sir," I said to the chief of the shipping department, "I see you are announced to start on April 14. How many people do you

expect to take?"

"Not a large party, I am afraid, in these bad times; but I daresay we shall have half-a-dozen or so. At present we are unable to say how many of our applicants are prompted by curiosity and how many mean

"And, I suppose, many will be deterred by fear of the dangers and privations?

"As to dangers, there will be none whatever. I talked to a man the other day who said he had been through these parts not very long ago with his wife and two children in a donkey cart, and he never had any



trouble or met with a single word of insult. I am by no means certain that he could have performed the same journey through England and said the same thing.

"But, I suppose, the late war will have made some difference out there?

"I don't think so. The only risk would be from disbanded white troops. Those who volunteer for this kind of business are generally more or less filibusters, or people who have come to grief in their own country. But this time the troops of the company were nothing of the kind."

"Do you suppose that a lady could go on your tour?"

"Yes, if she were of fairly active habits. But it would be just as well for her not to have a 15-inch waist. That's the regulation size, isn't it? English ladies have, as a matter of fact, been all over this country."

"And as to comfort?"

"There will be nothing to complain of. The party goes by train from Cape Town to Kimberley, by coach from Kimberley to Blocmfontein, by rail on to Pretoria, by coach again to Fort Tuli, by bullock-wagon to Buluwayo and Umtali, by carriers to Chimoio, and thence to the port on the Pungwe River by rail. The trains and coaches are quite comfortable, and the bullock-wagons are fitted up like state-rooms on board ship. Of course, African roads are not like those of Macadam, and the oxen go slowly; but the outdoor life will be found agreeable, and the travellers will not be in the wagons anything like all day. Besides, the wagons we have secured for this tour are very different from the clumsy ones used by ordinary traders.'

"I suppose one could take one's own horse, if one liked, and ride?"
"Certainly. A well-salted horse could be bought at Cape Town for about £80, and sold at the end of the journey for rather more, if it survived; but horses are subject to sickness in these parts."

"How fast, or rather how slow, will the wagons go?"
"An average day's 'trek' is only from ten to twenty miles, and the party will be fully two months in the wagons. It could be done quicker, but that would mean travelling at night.'

"Then, will the party sleep in wagons at night?"

"Yes, and also in tents."

"Is this the first thing of the kind you have ever attempted?"

"Yes; the first of the kind that anyone has ever attempted. The nearest approach to it has been our personally conducted tours in Palestine and the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai. But this trip will be better, as far as comfort goes, for it is through a fertile, populous, and beautiful country, and not through a desert."

"Is it a fairly healthy country?"

"Exceedingly. There is less risk of fever in taking this particular trip than there is in remaining in London.'

But, I suppose, the bit near the coast is dangerous to health?"

"Only during the rainy season, which we avoid."

"Why do you have carriers for the last part of the journey?"
"Because it is a district which is almost impassable to beasts of burden, owing to the poisonous tsetse fly, which, however, is harmless to human beings.

"And in what way is the party to be carried?"

"Well, we only propose to have the luggage carried on men's heads, but we can make arrangements for the travellers to be carried too, if necessary. Most of them, however, will prefer to walk."

"What! through the blazing African sun in summer? I should prefer to be carried, though not on a nigger's head."

"We shall provide a kind of palanquin arrangement for those who wish it.'

"And what are you going to do about food?"

"We shall take all we can from London, but we expect to get fresh meat by shooting it on the way, and to buy vegetables, &c., from the natives

"What prospect of sport do you hold out?"

"Very good all along the line of route. Any amount of birds. As to big game, you've got to look for it." "And that you won't have time for?"

"Yes; we shall stop from time to time to allow of little hunting expeditions. I may mention that there is no danger in connection with the sport there.

"Not for the game, do you mean?"

"No; I did not mean that. A few lions still remain, but you've got to go into the interior to look for them. A professional hunter will be in attendance on the party, either a Boer or a bushman. They have a sort of instinct for finding game that ordinary civilised men have not got."

"Now tell me what your party will see on the way. What are the attractions of the tour?"

"First of all, Kimberley, the great diamond-producing centre, where £65,000,000 worth of gems have been unearthed. A day's spring-buck shooting will be arranged. Then, Bloemfontein is a very beautiful place, with a splendid climate. At Johannesburg there will be an opportunity of studying the great gold-mining operations. On nearing Tuli there is some very fine mountain scenery. The country between there and Buluwayo has hardly been visited at all by Europeans, except for purposes of trade. Buluwayo will be of interest, apart from the circumstances of the recent war, as one of the few savage capitals of the world that are still unsophisticated. It has practically been impossible of access hitherto to ordinary travellers, and those of this party will be among the first to visit it. They may also be among the last to see Buluwayo before it has been completely altered by the inroads of civilisation. But the most interesting place of all, to my mind, will be Zimbabye, with its marvellous ruins. This is the original scene and ground-work of Rider Haggard's book, 'King Solomon's Mines,' and it seems, according to all accounts, to have been in existence and prosperity at the time of King Solomon's reign."

"What is the extent of the ruins?"

"Some sixty or seventy acres. Zimbabye is supposed to have been a fortified city for the protection of the gold mines there. Gold workings have been found all over the neighbourhood, and, indeed, people are now working some of the disused mines of the old days, and making money there by means of improved modern appliances. This is supposed to have been the land of Ophir mentioned in the Bible, and is certainly one of the most mysterious places in the world. In many respects it resembles Mexico. Both are vast plateaux, reached from the coast, and contain unmistakable traces of an extinct civilisation."

"Will there be any opportunities of looking out for gold during your

tour? Will any of the party be intending colonists?"

"No; it is just a pleasure tour, with special opportunities for sport. Gold-prospecting means going a long way out of the beaten track and enduring great hardship."

"What sort of outfit do you recommend?"

"Stout woollen things are the best, as cold nights and mornings must be provided against. We allow 100 lb. of luggage in the interior, besides a dressing-bag, two guns, and 750 rounds of ammunition.

"I see in your prospectus that musical instruments may be taken. What is that for?"

"Oh! to promote a general spirit of conviviality. But we stipulate that they shall be portable. We draw the line at piano-organs. We have to cut down the luggage as much as possible, because for the last part of the journey it all has to be carried on men's heads."

"And you don't take any armed men to defend you?"

"No; that would be quite unnecessary. In any ease, the party will have its own guns, and will probably be able to take good care of itself. But, I repeat, the country is as peaceable as England. The Mashonas are a peaceful people, absolutely unwarlike. The Matabele are warlike, but

"I thought the war was in consequence of their want of discipline."

"No; the cause of the war was the Matabele raiding the Mashonas. They never molested white people, and never will."

"And what is to be the length of the trip?"

"Five months: from April 14 to September 11."
"And the cost?"

"£375 inclusive, first class."

II. V.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE FRENCH CHILDREN ARE SO POLITE.

Scene: Crowded Tramcar.

LITTLE ALPHONSE (to young lady who is obliged to stand): "Won't you take my seat?"







A MEMORY.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



RIDE A-COCK-HORSE.

DRAWN'BY FRED HALL.



"KNOCKED."
A SKETCH AT "CONSTANTINOPLE."

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

How comes it that the mule is so little used in England?

Surely there is something very short-sighted in our persistent neglect of this most useful animal. In every other European country—in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Russia—they understand and appreciate the use of the mule. There you see, on one hand, mules standing close on sixteen hands capable of drawing, without help, heavy loads of stone, or, on the other, mules of a lighter character, able to trot their ten miles an hour in a light carriage and with a showiness and action that would do credit to a well-bred horse. This is no exaggeration, as anyone must know who has travelled at all. And yet in this country, for some reason which I do not understand, we despise this excellent beast. The mule has its drawbacks, it is true. Sometimes he is queer-tempered. Woe betide the traveller in Morocco who gets off his mule in the mountains and forgets to keep the reins tight in his hand. In a moment the mule will take advantage of this, and with a squeak and a grunt is careering off by the shortest cut to the valley below. But, as against his shortcomings, he is cheap and very hardy. With ordinary attention a mule is never sick or sorry, he needs no clothing even in the coldest weather, and can work during the hottest of summer heat. There is in a mule's construction one peculiarity which is worth remembering, though often overlooked. It is this: A mule walks on the tips of his toes. It is advisable, therefore, to put plates on his feet which will project an inch or more beyond the shoe, otherwise the hoof will suffer badly.

And while I am on the subject I should like to say a word or two about dog labour. In England the use of dogs for harness work is forbidden by law. The history and exact date of the Act I do not know; but at the time it was passed there was, no doubt, a good deal of cruelty inflicted on dogs. Those were more cruel because less well-ordered days. But nowadays, the Humane Society altogether apart, there is a more general sense of kindness abroad, quite enough, with the ordinary methods of the law, to keep a check on cruelty. There is no more likelihood that the dogs of the poor would be ill-treated than the shepherd's dog. We must remember that there is nothing cruel in the fact of a dog pulling a cart. The dog is a very strong and very enduring animal. A team of sleigh dogs will easily tire out a good horse, as every northern traveller knows. Such a team can do their fifty miles a day for many days, and the dogs really seem to enjoy it. They take a great pride in their work and in a certain sense of ownership. Witness the way a team of dogs, three abreast, will trot through the street with their little cart in the south of France. They condescend to speak with no other dog that passes, but hold up their heads and tails as proud as lords. It has long seemed strange to me that we prevent our poor people from making use of the dog. It is the one animal which they could afford to keep and use. In a light-running cart the wife could go for her shopping to the town, and the labourer could come home from his work in the evening.

Now that the nesting season is again approaching, may Birds Moving I suggest to any readers of The Sketch who are interested Eggs and Young. In natural history a line of observation exceedingly attractive, and one in which much remains to be done? I have reason to believe that more birds practise the habit of moving their young or their eggs than is commonly supposed. I do not know that any bird, except the woodcock, is credited with the former habit, nor any, except the skylark and the euckoo, with the latter. That the woodcock carries its young, holding the little creature between its thighs, is now very well known. Equally well established is the fact of the skylark, whose nest has been disturbed, moving her eggs to some safer position. And we know now that the euckoo places her egg in the nest with her bill. I shrewdly suspect the starlings carry their eggs also on occasion. Starlings are much given to the practice of laying their eggs about on the grass, and I believe that sometimes these eggs are picked up by the bird and carried to the nest. I will give my reasons for this another time. Nor should I be at all surprised to learn that some of the waders—the plovers, for example—move their young. I believe that I have narrowly missed detecting the common ring-plover in the act. But here is an interesting field for observation, and if any who are so fortunate as to determine these points will communicate the result to me, I shall be really grateful.

So it seems that a small American expedition, under the Pole." Pole. The idea, we are told, is to go by the North Cape to Spitzbergen, there to divide the party of fourteen into two parts. One of these is to travel north a certain distance as a supporting party and then to return, leaving the second party to make "a dash for the Pole." I am afraid I have not very much faith in the chances of this enterprise, as I understand it. It is easy to talk of a dash to the Pole; but you may dash as much as you please, and, unless circumstances are exceptionally favourable, you don't get much "forrarder." That is just the vexatious point in Arctic travel. You can neither argue anything of the conditions of ice and weather up there from climatic conditions elsewhere, nor can you count upon finding kindred conditions between given dates from year to year. I see no reason to change my opinion that the most probable chance of getting to the Pole is by way of Franz Josef Land.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"The season" is on us again, after an early Easter—a recrudescence of gaiety, a shower of new pieces at the theatres, a prefatory flourish of "English operas," so called before the big bow-wow of the Covent Garden series. Why is it that a certain period of the year is called "the season," and given up conventionally to the diversions of society? Is there any reason why "the season" should not be scattered over the year? Granted the height of summer is a good time for excursions and tours and trips to mountain or sea or foreign shore, but why should spring and early summer be alone considered fit times for a concentration of amusement?

It is asserted of the "butterflies of society," as earnest social reformers call them, that they may attend several parties, dance at several balls in an evening. It sounds preposterous, but may, for all I know, be true; but, then, it really seems rather preposterous that persons, butterflies or others, should want particularly to go to even one average party or ball. When you go to an artistic, literary, dramatic, or Bohemian—another meaningless word—gathering, there is generally something to laugh at, or rather to smile at, secretly. Literary and artistic and such persons are sometimes original; they are frequently uncouth; they are amusing, wilfully or unintentionally. But young ladies of 'society," beautiful—more or less—beautifully dressed, gyrating with young men of "society," faultlessly attired—this may be a pleasant picture for a little, but must surely be an intense weariness to them and to others. Yet, the business of pleasure goes on.

The fact is that in civilised nations, such as ours is generally supposed to be, the bonds of convention have acquired a strength nearly equal to those of caste in India. Thou shalt give certain parties; thou shalt go to others; thou shalt attend certain festivities, and at a certain time go abroad—these are commandments, all the more scrupulously obeyed, perhaps, because they rest on neither reason nor revelation. How curious it would be if a large number of persons would for once arrange merely to invite such persons as they really wanted to see, and attend such restivities as really amused or gratified them! It requires a high order of moral courage to do what one really likes to do.

There must be many persons now whose mortification of self is greater than that of any hermit of old. Surely it is little harder to starve on a handful of dry peas than to eat through the varied indigestion of a set dinner; to sit in a Turkish bath of a theatre and see a dreary piece because it is "the thing" is as miserable as to chant penitential psalms in a tub of cold water; and if it was hard for St. Anthony to resist his alluring sirens, it might have been harder still if he had undertaken to waltz with the whole set of them. The man who, desiring solitude, forces himself into society is surely as great an ascetic in his way as the man of social temper who compels himself to be alone. Simeon Stylites became famous and miraculous by the entirely useless feat of staying on the top of a lofty column for years. But who thinks of the sufferings of those more useful martyrs who have to occupy a column, not with their bodies, but with their brains, daily or weekly? Where is Simeon in comparison with them? He needed no intelligence to fill his post.

In spite of ecclesiastical histories so-called, I cannot help sometimes thinking that the real secret of the average hermit was simply inordinate vanity. Such people were often, perhaps most often, of no very eminent station or rank; bad as the world may have been in their times, they could probably have got through the routine of their daily life without meeting any very extraordinary temptation. A small Egyptian greeer, for instance, would have few temptations to resist, except the diabolical suggestion that the desert sands were singularly like the brown sugar of the period. But let your grocer go off to a wild cell, live on nothing. and macerate himself by all possible means, and he at once became an important personage in diabolical eyes. Visions that could never have come to the honest grocer haunted the holy hermit. He was the special aim for all the assaults of the Evil One. Every kind of temptation was lavished on him. It was terrifying, no doubt, but it was also most gratifying. The person for whose seduction so many wiles were employed must needs be of great note.

What wonder, then, if the alluring visions always failed to lead the hermit astray—in the legends? One would like to have some account of these transactions from the Other Party, together with some explanation of his reasons for taking so much trouble to delude a few lonely ascetics. But, unfortunately, that is a contribution to ecclesiastical history that we are not likely to have in a hurry.

MARMITEE.

MISS MABEL ALLEN.

With the singularly charming voice and attractive appearance which Miss Mabel Allen undeniably possesses, and to both of which the frequenters of the Palace Theatre-where this fair songstress is nightly thrilling her audience with her rendering of her ballads-can testify, it is not difficult to single her out as an artist too rarely seen in the music-halls. In a chat which the writer had with her one night, she told him that her first appearance was in the opera of "Norma" at Covent Garden, and that she was at the time but six or seven years of age. As a matter of fact, she was one of the two children in the stabbing scene in that well-known opera. After this. she appeared, at the comparatively advanced age of thirteen, among the Midget Minstrel troupe at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, and she secred a success with "The Maid of the Mill." Then she went on a tour with "My Sweetheart" in a children's company, in which she played the boy's part of Tony, and she afterwards threw in her lot with Wyn Millar's "Silver Fortune" company, with the leading part of Lena-this time in a "grown-up" company. This was followed by a part in "Babes in the Wood" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. Never will she forget, she declares, wearing knickerbockers for the first time. "It makes one feel so nervous, having no skirts to catch hold of, and then you fancy everybody is looking at your legs." At Bristol she played the chief part in "Dick Whittington," and made a great hit with "Ta-ra-ra" with Mr. Edmund Payne, of the Gaiety. Afterwards, at Bradford, she appeared as the Princess in "Aladdin." An engagement at the Palace Theatre being offered her, she jumped at the opportunity, for she is passionately fond of singing, and the sort of singing she had given her in pantomimes was not precisely of the kind she liked. Sacred music and oratorios are really, so she assured the writer, her forte, and after sacred music her preference is for old English ballads. Anything, in fact, of a sentimental kind she enjoys; hence her fondness for the Irish and Scottish national songs, and that her audience enjoy it too needs no evidence. She attributes the health she possesses to her taking regular exercise of almost a masculine description every day, and also, of course, to the enjoyment which she finds in her work. If her sweet and powerful voice and attractive presence are to go for anything, then her success is assured, for of good singers the metropolitan public is never tired.



Photo by J. E. Bruton, Douglas, Isle of Man.



Thoto by J. E. Bruton, Douglas, Isle of Mer



Photo by A. Sachs, Bradford

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NALA DAMAJANTI, THE INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMER, AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

SNAKES.

A CHAT WITH NALA DAMAJANTI AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Among the many shows which are being exhibited throughout the length of music-hall land, there are few more fascinating than that of Nala Damajanti, the East Indian snake-charmer; for of all achievements that of handling snakes with impunity must strike the observer as being the most daring, and it is probably for this reason that in India, the land of reptiles, the snake-charmer is treated with as much reverence as the priest. The weird and almost supernatural power which Nala Damajanti appears to have over the huge pythons and boa-constrictors with which she so unconcernedly toys, the picturesque costume in which she carries through her performance, together with the strange, droning sort of chorus which is sung by the orchestra in accompaniment to the music, combine to heighten an effect which is distinctly novel and welcome in these days, when at most of the halls there seems to be an endeavour to imitate instead of rivalling each other.

Getting permission from Mr. Morton, I made my way, sketch-book in

hand, round to the back of the stage after the performance, and found Nala's manager, Mr. Palmer, busy tucking up the snakes into a box for the night. The lady was disrobing, and therefore invisible, so I took advantage of the opportunity to have a talk with her herculean manager. He lifted up a mass of blankets, and immediately a hissing noise was heard as of boiling water. I involuntarily stepped back a pace, as several heads, with eyes gleaming and forked tongues, were protruded. Mr. Palmer, however, was undisturbed, and, lifting one of the largest by the neck, he

displayed to me a most magnificent specimen of python.
"Where do you get them?" I inquired.

"From various foreign dealers, but principally from Antwerp."

"And what would be the cost of such a gentleman as this?"

"Well, that is not the largest specimen we have, but our largest boaconstrictor is worth about £50, and then they are not always procurable."

"Their feeding must cost something?" I added.

"Of course, but the expense depends upon the rate at which such live stock as rabbits and fowls are being sold. To tell you the truth," he confided, with a smile, "they don't get fed with absolute regularity, and I had intended feeding them last week, but food was very dear, so they will have to wait until next Sunday. No doubt, you are aware that snakes will have to wait until next Sunday. No doubt, you are aware that snakes will eat only live food, and boas, pythons, and anacondas turn up their

noses at anything less tasty than fowls, rabbits, or pigeons.

At this juncture the *charmeuse* herself appeared, having divested herself of her gay Eastern trappings, and attired in the ordinary habiliments of every-day European life. No one, to look at her, would have imagined her to be a dauntless snake-charmer. After a little judicious cross-examination, which, as she speaks but little English, we had to carry on in French, I gathered that, as her colour indicated, she is a Creole, and was born in the French settlement of Pondicherry. Her father was a professional wild-beast hunter—in fact, a sort of large purveyor of animals for the various zoological gardens of Europe. Having been all her life used to wild animals, it was not unnatural that she should get to like them. Curiously enough, she was always more partial to reptiles than to any other part of the brute creation. Whether they instinctively took to her or not, she cannot tell; but it seems, nevertheless, a fact that snakes do recognise in her a sort of superior being, and become subdued by the wonderful mastery which she exercises over them. At the ripe age of sixteen she commenced to display her prowess before the public. Since then she has exhibited in all the principal cities of the world, and upon the strength of the golden opinions which she has won everywhere can truly lay claim to the title of the "Snake Queen of the World."

"Do you never fear an untoward accident?" I asked.

"No," she replied, with a smile; "I do not fear my pets at all, although now and again I have had escapes from what might have been serious accidents. In warm weather the snakes are more dangerous to handle than in cold, when they are somewhat torpid. On one occasion, one of my largest pythons, without the slightest warning, suddenly tightened itself round my neck, so that my nose actually bled with the pressure, but I managed to fall on my back and made signs to my man as to what was happening, and to rush forward and rescue me was the work of a few seconds."

"But," said I, "could you not disengage yourself for a moment?"
"No," was the reply; "for I had to keep hold of the serpent's head, this being my only safety. Apart from this, and an occasional bite, I have had no startling adventures. I may say that I always take the precaution to cauterise the bites, more from habit, I think, than anything else. When I first began I used to operate with a smaller variety of snake, poisonous ones, such as ring and green snakes, and cobras and other poisonous snakes; but, finding that little attention was paid by audiences to such small reptiles, however venomous they might be, I determined to devote my attention to the largest variety, such as pythons, boa-constrictors, and anacondas, which, though not poisonous, have tremendous crushing power, which makes them fully as dangerous to tackle. Of course," she added, "when, as a result of losing one of my snakes, I have to get a new one, I have to go through my performance with a greater element of danger, as it is entirely unsubdued."

"And do you really think that you actually tame these brutes?"

"Well, I hardly know," was the reply. "Snakes do not look upon human beings as their best friends—in fact, the contrary. And this is a fact that takes a lot of knocking out of them."

J. M. P. I determined to devote my attention to the largest variety, such as

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

" All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,-

Capel Court, March 31, 1894.

The failure of the New English Bank of the River Plate was so long expected that it searcely "claims the passing tribute of a sigh," and it certainly has had no apparent effect, either at the time or since, on quotations in the South American market, which is still jubilant on the Bank of England's successful sale of the Baring block of Uruguays, which

was one of the wet blankets that have hung over this market for so long. The gold premium is down to 252 per cent.

At the same time, this little failure is not only very unfortunate for the shareholders, but once more illustrates the homely truth that credit institutions without credit are like apple-dumplings without apples. Shareholders in "reconstructed" Australian banks, verb. sap. The free and easy coercing of creditors was, no doubt, "awfully jolly," and presumably it saved the position, but it will have to be paid for. Unless there are amalgamations of some of the weaker banks with stronger institutions, there is going to be trouble yet. There are too many banks institutions, there is going to be trouble yet. There are too many banks

The buoyant tone which characterised the whole market when the House reopened on Tuesday continued without interruption till yesterday, assisted by the wonderful weather, by, on the whole, very good Easter traffics, and by a general vague sentiment that things are mending.

The Board of Trade returns for February, no doubt, showed increases

in value of 14 per cent. on imports and over 31 per cent. on exports. The Home Railway traffic returns, even after making allowance for increased capital accounts, are hopeful, and the extraordinarily low prices of wheat and raw materials are enabling manufacturers to book a few more orders even at very low figures, while an excellent scheme for settling the affairs of the Trustees and Executors Corporation encourages the steady investment business, which is beginning to relieve a market "sick" with pawned stock. All this is good, but not good enough for a "boom," and any attempt to engineer one artificially should be nipped in the bud.

As expected, President Cleveland has vetoed the foolish, or worse than foolish, Silver Seigniorage Bill, and the American market has been active and buoyant all the week in anticipation that he would do so; but yesterday there was a check, New York sending lower prices, on the alleged ground that the terms of the President's Message vetoing the

Bill are encouraging to the free-coinage wirepullers.

Considering, however, that the President has gone a long way towards wrecking the electoral prospects of the Democrats by his courageous action, it is hardly reasonable to complain of his verbal sop to the silver Cerberus. Meanwhile, the fact that Mexico, a country with a single standard-silver-is to be the sponsor of the next bimetallic conference goes a long way to show what bimetallism really is. Disguise it as we may, it is only one more of the many projects for giving an artificial and illusory value to one of the products of the world. To pass a law that buttons were to be legal tender for sixpences would doubtless be a good thing—for the button trade.

It must be pleasant for C. N. Crocker and the two Huntingdons to see that the market has put up Central Pacifics 1½ because they have retired from the Board. A similar pleasure is in store for some directors on this side.

on this side.

In spite of the all-round advance in the American market, Wall Street has stronger reasons for unloading on English buyers than the wording of President Cleveland's Message. There are certainly some unduly depressed stocks in the list, and cheap bargains for those skilled in pulling the one eel out of a bag of snakes; but we adhere to our motto that "all is not gold that glitters." Our private advices from the other side are that never in the memory of man have things been so bad in America as they are to-day. Even after all allowances for exaggeration, it is impossible to deny that there are the gravest reasons for exercising caution in the matter of American investments.

Of making many electric railways there is no end, and much study of their prospectuses is a weariness of the flesh. The Waterloo and Mansion House line was rapidly followed by the more ambitious Charing Cross to Hampstead project. The prospectus of the much debated Central London line from Uxbridge Road, under Oxford Street, Holborn, and Cheapside, is expected almost daily, and the Great Northern Railway has a project for an electrical railway from Finsbury Park to Finsbury Circus. We presume the electricity for all these railways is to be generated by eremating the contents of our dustbins and surplus directors.

Of the latter there will soon be a good supply, if the examples of the

Of the latter there will soon be a good supply, if the examples of the Trustees and Executors Corporation and Industrial and General Trust be largely followed. It is true that, according to the Standard of March 28, "the remnant of the Trustees Corporation Board seems still to hesitate to place its resignation in the shareholders' hands," but, unless they get over their hesitation, we think they will have a bad quarter of an hour at the adjourned meeting on the 10th, and again in Court on the 18th. Their circular of Nov. 23, 1893, says—

It is the intention of the whole Board, including the new directors, to retire at the next annual general meeting, and leave the constitution of the future Board in the hands of the shareholders.

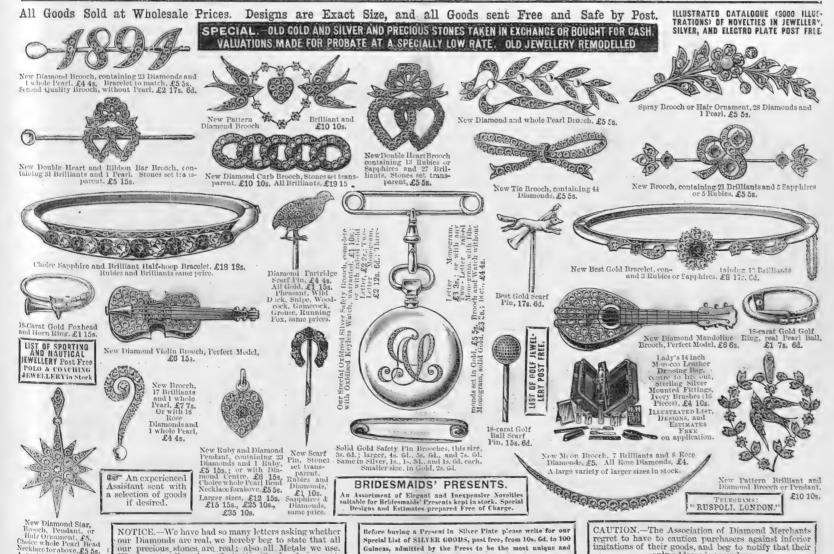
Since then the shareholders have passed two hostile votes on the directors, challenged a poll, and then ran away from it.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

LAME, SHEARER, AND CO.





THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON,

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL



CHAMELEON-LIKE VARIETY OF COLOURS.

Works: NEW CROSS, S.E. Colour Cards on application.

"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH!"



3d. PER LARGE DOUBLE CAKE.

IT FLOATS! SOAD

Is it not most annoying when having a bath to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither, will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight, floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky" Soap, hard, and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is SPLENDID FOR WASHING Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your address and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

GOODWIN'S Ivy Soap Works, SALFORD.



THIS is a faithful likeness

of the man who says that rheumatism is an invention of the devil.

Ite is a gentleman and a scholar; speaks several languages, and has get the biggest foot in London.

He is very wealthy, and has plenty of friends, but his clothes don't At him.

He has completely used up every profans word in the English language, and still be is not happy.

He says there is though thoroughbred agony and devillsh torture in his foot to kill every sinner in creation.

He has tried all the doctors and nearly everything under the sun, but the villain still

He tells everybody that trying to cure rheumatism is like trying to shovel wind off

He says that rhoumatism cannot be cured. His grand after told him so. And he thinks that settles it.

He is sadly mistaken. It is a fact, that a remedy has been found which relieves and cures rheumatism, just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. It is used externally. It conquers pain. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure.

Mr. WILLIAM BUCHANAN, 24 years engineer of the C nard S.S. Co., Liverpool, whom rix doctors gave up to die, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil. He says: "It saved my life. It acted like magic."

HENRY COATES, Cheatham Place, Kingston-upon-Hull, was a fearful sufferer. He was on crutches. After all other remedies failed, St. Jacobs Oil cure I him.

EDWARD EVANS, formerly with Davey and Moore, London, was declared incurable at three hospitals. He was nearly crazy from rheumatism. The doctors said he must die. St. Jacobs Oil cured him. He says: "It saved my life."

WILLIAM BEACH, champion carsman of the world, writes: "I gladly endorse St. Jarobs Oil It conquers pain."

HENRY RICKETTS, Westbury, Gloucestershire, was pronounced incurable at Bath Hospital. His pains were terrible. St. Jacobs Oil cured him. After practical tests, St. Jacobs Oil cured him. After practical tests, St. Jacobs Oil was awarded ten gold medals in different international exhibitions. It has cured people who had been crippled from pain for over twenty years.

A reward of £1,000 will be paid for proof showing that the te-timorials published by us, as to the efficiety of St. Jacobs Oil, are not genuine. Its powers are marvellous. None genuine unless it bears our signature on wrapper and has our name blown in the glass of the bottle.



OF SPORT. THE WORLD

FOOTBALL.

The football season is dying. Let it die. With the advent of summer weather all sport-loving men will welcome the round, red, solid ball in lieu of its big, bounding, hollow brother. An exchange of cricket for

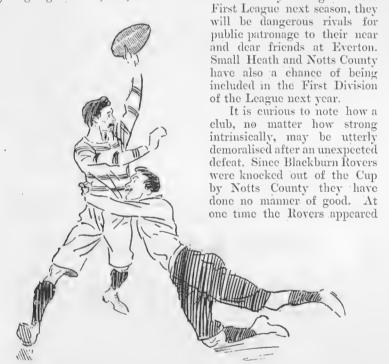
football at the present season is no robbery.

The last and in many respects the most important football event in the year takes place in Glasgow next Saturday, when England and Scotland bring off their annual Agamemnon. Although Scotland still holds a strong lead in these International matches, England is rapidly drawing up hand over hand. The last three matches have all been won by the representatives of the rose. I have already stated that I regard the back division of the English team with some misgiving, but the half-back line is strong, and the forwards fast and clever. Scotland has back line is strong, and the forwards fast and clever. Scotland has probably a better-balanced cleven; slow, as usual, but likely to show up in the matter of combination. I regard the chances of the two countries as very even, but have a slight leaning in favour of the home team, who have been in strict training for the event.

Although the League Championship is not quite finished, it is now possible to congratulate Aston Villa on having reached premier position. This is the first occasion that a Midland club has secured championship

honours

The Liverpool Club has for some time been absolutely certain of the championship of the Second Division of the League. Liverpool are quite a young organisation, and, as the chances are that they will figure in the



to have the best chance in the world of winning the English Cup and the Lancashire Cup, besides taking a second position in the League. They have lost both the Cups, and are now having a hard fight to keep

the fourth position on the League list.

It has been reserved for Blackheath to be the first English club to beat Newport at home for two seasons. The Heathens, when they set out on tour, had not the remotest expectation of beating the famous Usksiders, but they found the Newport men on an off-day, and thoroughly deserved their victory by thirteen points to eleven. The defeat of the Heathens two days later by Cardiff could not dim the lustre of their glorious victory at Newport. The Bedford Club, too, has gone the way of all flesh—that is to say, they have been defeated. It was unfortunate that Bedford could not take their strongest team to Coventry, where the that Bedford could not take their strongest team to Coventry, where the club of that name tarnished their previous unbeaten certificate.

Rugby International matches for next season are as follow-

Dec. 15, North v. South, in the South; Jan. 5, England v. Wales, in Wales; Feb. 2, England v. Ireland, in Dublin; March 9, England v. Scotland, in England.

CRICKET.

I had a look at the replaced turf which Surrey has laid down at the Oval, and must say that it looks very fair to the eye, whatever it may be when play actually commences. There has also been a levelling-up of the ground on one side where an undesirable dip used to be seen. Of course, there has been no football at the Oval this season, and the Surrey officials hope they will have something like perfect wickets. My own opinion is that it will take a season or two before the new turf gets thoroughly settled and business-like in its procedure.

The rather stale news that Sharpe, the Surrey fast bowler, has returned to his native county at Nottingham has caused very little surprise. Since the advent of Lockwood and Richardson, Sharpe's occupation as a fast bowler has been almost gone, although he was utilised now and again to give the greater cracks a rest.

Although Sharpe is not nearly so destructive a bowler as he was Although Sharpe is not hearly so destructive a bowler as he was three seasons ago, he ought still to be very useful to Notts, who, from all accounts, are in a parlous condition. In the recent colts' match at Nottingham no new bowling talent was discovered, and even Attewell was much less destructive than usual. Bennett and Mee carried off the trundling honours for the eleven, while Pykett was the most successful of the colts. In the batting department a colt named Chambers made 48 in fair style at the second attempt.

I hear that Shrewsbury, who has been ailing a good deal during the

winter, will not be able to play regularly.

Of course, there is no chance of Lohmann being able to assist Surrey during the coming season, but for all that the Ovalites will have a powerful bowling team. Mr. John Shuter will again do his little utmost to lead his men to championship honours, but it appears to me that some of the younger batsmen will have to blossom out if the ex-champions are to disposses Yorkshire of county honours.

It is said that Mr. K.S. Ranjitsinhji will be very pleased to accompany Mr. A. E. Stoddart's team to Australia next autumn: otherwise he

will return to India.

S. M. J. Woods, the old Cantab, will succeed H. T. Hewitt as captain of Somerset County. The absence of Hewitt, who has decided to retire,

will be severely felt.

As a rule, Kent County in recent years has been run under the joint captaincy of Messrs. Patterson and Marchant. This year F. Marchant will be in sole command. There is good reason to suppose that Kent will have a successful season. It is expected that J. R. Mason will play

regularly for his county this year.

The South African cricket team to visit England has been chosen, but, as usual, the selection does not satisfy everyone. Mr. H. H. Castens is to be the captain, and the others are G. Cripps, D. C. Davey, G. Glover, Hearne, E. Halliwell, Johnston, G. Kempis, Middleton, D. Parkin, T. Routledge, G. Rowe, A. Seccull, C. Sewell, and V. Van der Byl. Hearne and Middleton are professionals, and their selection has been conditional in research of town. conditional in respect of terms. The Selection Committee considered the strong claims of F. Smith, E. Allen, and B. Powell, and if one of the fifteen happen to fall out before April 11, the date fixed for these cricketers to sail, one of the three will fill the vacancy. The Philadelphians, who were to come to England, have altogether given up the idea.

The question of the follow-on will be brought up by the M.C.C. The question of the follow-on will be brought up by the M.C.C. Committee at the annual meeting on May 2, when the following change in the law will be proposed. At present the law reads as follows: "The side which goes in second shall follow their innings if they have scored eighty runs less than the opposing side." For the word "shall" it is proposed to substitute "may be required to," which would, of course, give the side which was leading the option of making their opponents follow on or go to the wicket themselves. It seems desirable in every way that the follow-on should be optional.

GOLF.

The Parliamentary Handicap is now in full swing at Furzedown. Those who wish to see our legislators at play should pay a visit to the charming links in the vicinity of Tooting.

The home-and-home professional match between M'Ewen and Butel ended in a hollow victory for M'Ewen by seven up and five to play. Neither man played up to his best form.

The following are a few of the principal fixtures for the present worth.

The Lytham and St. Anne's Club open the ball with their spring inceting on Saturday and Monday, the 7th and 9th. On the 11th, 12th, and 13th the open tournament at Macrihanish takes place, while the week winds up with the open competition at Bowdon on Saturday, the 14th. On Monday, the 23rd, the spring meeting of the Royal Liverpool Club is entered upon, to be followed by the Amateur Championship on the 25th, 26th, and 27th.

CYCLING

Only cricketers need apply at the Oval this season for a sporting engagement. So religious have the Surrey officials been during the past three or four months in their work of perfecting the turf for the summer carnival of bat and ball that the committee of the Surrey Bicycle Meeting will be forced to leave the old venue and hold their spring gathering at Herne Hill. The grass track will thus be exchanged on April 21 for the popular wooden battens at Burbage Road, on which the championships were decided last year. The Surrey wheelers could hardly have made a better selection under the circumstances. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the Oval strictness will do much to bring into deserved popularity the Herne Hill ground.

Speaking of this ground, I am reminded that the authorities have arranged for a 100-mile race on June 30, when the season will be at

Linton, who ranks among the foremost Welsh riders of the day, has being taking part in an eight-days bicycle contest in the gay city of the French. Linton, it will be remembered, made an interesting appearance in London on the occasion of the race for the Anchor Shield, towards the close of last year. OLYMPIAN.

fortunately, he has never been able to do so. Writing from

memory, I cannot recall any one player, except Mr. McGregor,

has been included in

fifteens and elevens of

a correspondent of The Sketch) at his office in

Old Bond Street, deep in the mysteries of the Stocks and Shares Market. I had an ap-

pointment with him for twelve o'clock, and as

I found him (writes

Shares

both countries.

THE EVOLUTION OF RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A CHAT WITH MR. GREGOR McGREGOR.

In one respect, Mr. McGregor occupies a unique position among athletes; he is the only man who has played both for Scotland at football and for England at cricket. A number of gentlemen—notably, Mr. A. E. Stoddart and Mr. H. J. Stevenson-have represented one or other country at both games, and Mr. H. B. Tristram, the famous English full-back, has more than once been invited to play for Scotland at cricket, though, un-



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

mounted the steps leading to his office, a moment or so before the hour, he came rushing up behind me, having just returned from the "House," of

which he is a member. GREGOR McGREGOR. was almost alarming, he banished "bulls" and "bears" from his mind, and descended to football.

"Yes, it was in Edinburgh that I first began to play football," he said, in answer to my question, "at a school called Craigmount, which has lately, I am sorry to say, gone over to the majority. Craigmount had the champion school fifteen of Scotland at that time, though, of course, I was not in it, being only nine years old. Two years later, I went on to Cargilfield, a preparatory boarding-school on the outskirts of the city. I got into the school fifteen there in 1882. By-the-byc, we had only shout 130 horse at the calcal alterether but it is of the city. I got into the school fifteen there in 1882. By-the-byc, we had only about 130 boys at the school altogether, but it is quite surprising how many embryo athletes there were in that number. Such men as G. T. Campbell, A. Methuen, C. T. B. Monypenny, C. J. N. Fleming, J. D. Boswell, and many other noted players were all contemporaries of my own. After Cargilfield, Uppingham and Cambridge; now, as I daresay you know, I play for the London Scottish."

"And for Scotland," I added. "I see you played full-back against England in the recent match at Edinburgh. Do you like being 'the last straw'?"

last straw'?

"Oh, yes, well enough, though I have had more practice as a three-quarter of late. It was as full-back that I first played for Scotland in '90."

"And what do you think of the new four three-quarter back game?

Is it an improvement on the old system of nine forwards?"

"That," he answered, laughing, "is rather a difficult question to answer. It is an improvement, inasmuch as it is more paying. A team plays to win, and if it can win by giving the game to its backs it is perfectly fair that it should do so. That seems to be the common-sense Again, the more open the game the faster the play, consequently the more enjoyment for the crowd, which had not, unnaturally, got tired of the old scrummaging style."

"Oh, I admit that it is pleasanter for the 'gallery' to watch good back work, but how about the other side of the medal? Is it as enjoyable

for the player?"

"That altogether depends on the player. For my own part, I prefer the game as it was three or four years ago. That gave forwards and backs alike a good chance. Wales last year demonstrated how profitable four good three-quarters can be when she made rings round Scotland. But it must not be forgotten that strong backs are of little use behind weak forwards. If your pack is being run over, your four men behind have hardly any chance of scoring, though they are always useful for defence."

"Does not that suggest that you should make your forwards as strong as possible, and leave your backs to take care of themselves?"

"Not at all. Suppose your reals can show their appropriate about the support their appropriate about their appropriate about their appropriate about the support their appropriate about their appropriate about the support their appropriate about the suppo

"Not at all. Suppose your pack can shove their opponents about as much as they like, how are they to score? Formerly, heavy forwards could get the ball into their back row, and push the whole scrummage over the line. Nowadays, few referces would allow a try so obtained. If the forwards do get as far as the goal line, they are stopped there. The halves dare not pass the ball out, for the three-quarters are promptly smothered by the four opposed to them. The only chance is to scramble over the line out of a loose rush, and good backs can generally prevent that. Then, if the four do get away, they are very hard to stop. You might easily pinion your opponents in their own twenty-five almost the whole game, and then manage to lose the match." "Do you mean that good forward play is at a discount?"

"By no means. Take, for example, the match between Newport and Blackheath this year. In the first half Newport had the wind behind them, and their forwards almost invariably heeled out the ball to the three-quarters, who, however, after one or two good runs, found the greatest difficulty in making headway. The fact was that the Blackheath backs understood the Newport forward tactics, and so, standing as nearly as possible off-side, got to their men as soon as the ball. In the second half, against the wind, the Newport forwards heeled out little, but always a superior for the second half, against the wind, the Newport forwards heeled out little, but played a magnificent loose game, frequently making openings for the men behind them. Then their rushes came more as a surprise after the continuous heeling out of the first half, and enabled them to win easily. But at present the Welsh clubs seem to be the only ones that thoroughly

"I suppose the game must come back to the forwards somehow, or you might break up the whole scrummage and spread your men out as at Association. But do you think the new system will entirely supersede

the old?"

"I do, for no club could afford to go back to the old style-except, possibly, on a very wet day."
"And do you think that Rugby will live long? Is it not being

largely cut out by Association?

"There is plenty of room for both. Possibly, 'socker' is the greater favourite of the two; but Rugby has plenty of supporters, and always will have, I think. Look at the crowds Blackheath can draw! I don't suppose any Association club in the south has more followers."

"By-the-bye, you don't play 'socker' yourself?"

"Not now, no time for it. I used to play a bit for my college up at the 'Varsity, but never since. I may turn out for the Corinthians in l'aris next month as goal-keeper."

"And what other games de vou like?"

"And what other games do you like?"
"I like all games. Every one has something to recommend it—tennis, golf, &c. Lawn-tennis is particularly a good game for City men who want exercise, and have only an hour or two to spare for it; but I can quite understand a head-master's dislike to it in a school. Personally, I am fonder of cricket than of any other game, because of its pleasant associations and the invariable good feeling which prevails between amateur and professional. Certainly, the cricket professional of the present time deserves all the good things that are said of him."

"Do you practise at all in the winter time with the gloves?"

"No; even wicket-keeping might lose its charm if one were always at it. Besides, I doubt whether it would do one much good. I believe it's rumoured that I'm going to be one of the team Stoddart intends to take over to Australia in the autumn. I'm sorry to say that's out of

the question."

"But you are not going to give it up altogether, surely?"

"Oh, no. I shall still play a little in the summer time, in moderation, but business and sport don't run together in double harness too well, you know."

As we passed down Old Broad Street towards the Bank, the stalwart form of W. E. M'Lagan hove in sight, one of the finest football players that ever chased a ball.

"You might mention," added Mr McGregor, "that most of the members of the Stock Exchange are very fond of sport, and there are many famous cricketers, oarsmen, football players, and golfers in the 'House.'" s. s. L.

ON EASTER DAY.

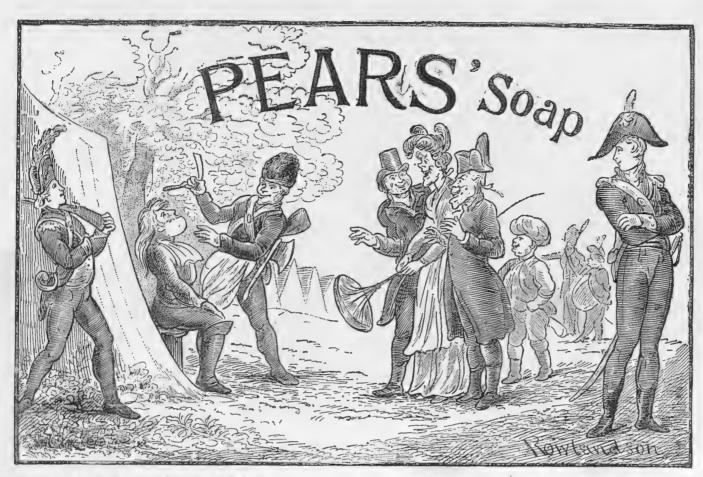
Shall it be a song or sonnet?
Sooth! it must be something gay: Bess has got a stunning bonnet She will don on Easter Day. I can see her in my fancy As she marches up the aisle, With a nameless necromancy In the sunshine of her smile.

She's the loveliest of lasses Ever winged a Cupid-dart; Every gallant, when she passes, Will have failure of the heart; Every belle—my word upon it— Will with jealousy grow grey When sweet Bessie in her bonnet Treads the aisle on Easter Day.

I would give a feudal castle—
(All my castles are in Spain!) And the wealth of lord and vassal (All my wealth is in my brain!)
If I might—to think upon it Fairly takes my breath away!-March with Bessie and her bonnet Up the aisle on Easter Day.
IRVING GILMORE, in Life (New York).

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



SHAVING IN CAMP.—Drawn by THOMAS ROWLANDSON, 1789.

For Sluggish Liver

"Gentlemen,-I am glad of an opportunity of proclaiming the value of Guy's Tonic for Indigestion, Torpid Liver, and Nervous Depression. I was nearly worn out with loss of appetite, pain, fullness, and general uneasiness after eating, great drowsiness, as well as flushings of the face and flatulency after each meal. and flatulency after each meal. I was also in a nervous, irritable state, as well as having a hacking cough, with great weariness, lan-guor, and despondency. I dietel myself, gave up meat, took more exercise, but with no benefit. My wife—who

Nervousness

had found Guy's Tonic extremely efficacious in those distressing symptoms peculiar to her sex—persuaded me to give it a trial. Thank God me to give it a trial. Thank God I did so, for it has almost worked a miracle. I am completely cured, gentlemen, and send this as a thank-offering for my wonderful recovery.—Yours faithfully, "J. W. PRICE."

In the course of an article entitled "A Good Digestion," in

Woman, a fully qualified lady doctor writes: "First and fore-most among strengthening medi-cines Guy's Tonic holds an as yet cines Guy's Tonic holds an as yet indisputable preference in my estimation. It contains neither quinine nor iron, which are as a rule constipating drugs; it is pleasant to take, and in not one instance have I found it to fail when I have prescribed it."

The Rev. E. Corneille, writing from The Manse, Donegal, Ireland, says: "I have derived wonderful benefit from the Guy's Tonic you sent me. After taking

Tonic you sent me. After taking a first bottle

ordered

and since I have finished that bottle I have been free from Indigestion. I have recom-mended it to several members

Guy's Tonic Improves the Appetite, Strengthens the Stomach, and Regulates the Liver. This wonderful medicine braces the nervous system, and causes the feeble and delicate to become vigorous, robust, and strong.

Take Guy's Tonic

Guy's Toxic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is prepared under the supervision of a qualified pharmacist; and is recommended by medical men.

"Familiar in his mouth as household words."



Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES

By THE MILLION to THE MILLION.

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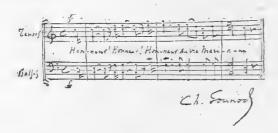
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VICTORIEN SARDOU.

WHY I WROTE "THE TRANSGRESSOR."

"That is Mr. Gattie," said the waiter, as he pointed through the lattice-work which closes in the *foyer* of the Prince of Wales's Club to a figure reposing very much at ease in a luxurious arm-chair, gazing intently into the fire, and who, in the twilight, looked a fin-de-siecle portrait of Shakspere.

I cross the foyer and confront him.

"'' The Transgressor,' I believe?"
"Yes. What can I do for you?" Mr. Gattie rises with a smile as

he speaks, and eyes me keenly.
"I am Mrs. Grundy! Pardon—I mean a representative of *The Sketch*," I correct myself hastily, for Mr. Gattie is instantly ablaze, and looks a trifle alarming. "Will you tell me how you came to write 'The a trifle alarming. Transgressor'?

"With pleasure. Sit down here," and as he speaks Mr. Gattie draws up a neighbouring chair for my benefit. "Well, 'The Transis founded on absolute fact, all except the last scene, which



Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

MR. A. W. GATTIE.

I have been obliged to alter to suit the scruples of Mrs. Grundy. I will tell you how I came to write it. A few years ago I visited a lunatic asylum where a friend of mine was resident medical man, and he took me over the building. Weird places, mad-houses! Passing through one of the rooms, I was attracted by a middle-aged woman, who was muttering incoherently to herself. My friend told me she was hopelessly insane, and there was not the faintest chance of her recovering her reason before death. She was married, and had been in her present condition many years. Her husband allowed her every comfort and luxury, but during her incarceration he had become enamoured of another woman and married her. The doctor was the only man who knew the fact, and he was pledged to secreey. Thinking over the matter one day at Ventnor, it suddenly occurred to me what a dramatic play could be built upon the story, and that was the birthday of 'The Transgressor'." Transgressor.'

"And you scored a success?"

My kindest critics are ladies, who are most enthusiastic about my work, and I have received many charming letters from them.

"When did you first attempt play-writing?"
"When I was in the Bank of England I wrote a ridiculous extravaganza for the benefit of my friends. From my childhood I have been intensely fond of the stage and reading poetry, and I consider Edward FitzGerald's poems unequalled in the English language."

"What is your method of work?"

"I have your Method of work?"

"I have none. At eleven o'clock in the morning I find my ideas flow most freely; but I work erratically, making many of my notes in the streets, or in doorways of houses or shops. As doubtless you know, unless ideas are written down the instant they develop, they are apt to escape, and cannot be recaptured."

"You are also a musician, are you not?"

"Yes; I play the violin, and can sing an Italian song without disgracing my country. I do not believe it would be possible to exist without music. No, I am not Italian; my mother was English, and I was born in London in 1856, but my father came from the South.'

"And you are about to produce another play shortly?"
Mr. Gattie hesitates, and then decides to be generous.
"Yes; it is totally different to 'The Transgressor' in every way; and treats mainly of love and ambition, religious intolerance and sorcery. I have striven to deal freely with religious subjects without giving

I have striven to deal freely with religious subjects without giving offence to any, having extremely broad and generous views myself, and hating a party man. The time of the play is the latter half of last century. The plot is laid in Spain, and it is very realistic, and no cost will be spared in mounting it."

"The name?" I query.

Mr. Gattie shakes his head as he replies with a pleasant smile, "No, thank you. I think not at present; but I will tell you confidentially it is not the only play I have ready, and I am now thinking of writing one dealing with the science of chiromancy and the existing marriage laws. I think every woman's watchword should be 'Freedom.' Stifle the terror, Mrs. Grundy; let woman mingle more freely with the opposite sex, and she will be natural, and yet maintain her dignity and purity, and men will accept her as a helpmate, not her dignity and purity, and men will accept her as a helpmate, not look upon her as a chattel."

Mr. Gattie speaks with much enthusiasm and intense earnestness; his ideas are very much "up-to-date," and, having struck out an advanced line in modern play, the new Shakespere deserves all the success which undoubtedly will be accorded to him, despite the prejudice of Mrs. Grundy.

THE ISRAELITES OF EAST LONDON.

On the afternoon of the Jewish Festival of Purim, which is kept in commemoration of the deliverance from the conspiracy of Haman, and came off some ten days ago, I journeyed down East, bent upon obtaining "copy." The home of the East-End Jew is in the streets round about the Mile-End Road, Whitechapel, and his principal market is in Wentworth Street, a thoroughfare reached by way of Middlesex Street, née Petticoat Lane. I arrived there about two o'clock, when the business of the day was in full swing. At best the street is a narrow one, but when lined on both sides with barrows and thronged in every part with people it is very difficult to get through. The barrows, mostly presided over by Poles, contained fish, meat, poultry, vegetables, bread, cakes, hardware, hosiery, and heaps of other things too numerous to describe. The stalls were surrounded by purchasers of many nationalities and ages, few of them clean, all of them picturesque. An old Dutch woman was selling oranges, and the yellow glow of the fruit lighted up her face with an effect which would have charmed any of the old masters who lived and died in her native land. The food sold was of the finest quality. The people, poverty-stricken though they looked, were purchasing the finest supplies of the great metropolitan markets. The fish looked as though it had just come from the sea, the meat, though raw, looked appetising. The prices at which things were being sold would have brought tears to the eyes of the average housekeeper, little piles of fish fetching but

It takes no little time to get accustomed to the bustle and din of the Wentworth Street market. Luckily, the men and women are sober and honest, the ruffianly loafer is a thing unknown, and the police are never needed. Strolling down the street, greeted with good-humoured chaff and offers of impossible purchases, I discovered three musicians about to perform on violins and 'cello. They were gaunt, hungry-looking foreigners, and their instruments were as worn as themselves, yet, strange to say, they earned a few pence from the crowd, which had but little to spare or spend. They are very good to one another, these refugees from Russia and other parts of the Continent, and their charty Yet they are not all industrious, and some of the men live by begging from their co-religionists. The bargaining was exceedingly amusing, although a lot of it, being in Yiddish—a dreadful combination of Hebrew and German—was lost upon me. I wedged my way to the end of the street, where the poultry-sellers had congregated. was the strangest part of the market, and the only one which calls for the attention of the authorities or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In wicker baskets, piled in many instances on top of one another, were the fowls. Round them stood the old Polish women, like the wicked fairy grandmothers of our nursery tales. They would point out some fowl, and the vendor would put his hand into the basket and pull it out by leg, wing, or tail, whichever seemed nearest. the old women would examine the limbs carefully, and prod them with their fingers in every corner to see that they were well covered. If there was anything wrong they were returned, and a fresh selection made. If they were sound and plump, the bargaining commenced, and when prices were agreed and paid the women earried the fowls under their arms to the butcher's establishment close by, where for the sum of one penny they were killed in the orthodox fashion. What I would point out and protest against is the merciless handling of the unfortunate chickens. Surely the old women can ascertain their condition without prodding them in the cruel fashion now in vogue. I stopped in Wentworth Street for nearly an hour, bewildered by the many aspects of the life around me, by the odd conglomeration of poverty and plenty, hard work and good temper, onen temptation and invariable honesty. I left wondering that temper, open temptation and invariable honesty. I left wondering that so few men visit these places to make them popular, and point out to lovers of the picturesque the strange world that lies so near them.—B.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

All the world and his wife will be flocking sooner or later to the Criterion Theatre to see the new play of last Saturday, "An Aristocratic Alliance," but for the immediate benefit of the world's better-half I have lost no time in getting sketches and descriptions of some of the loveliest gowns which have ever been worn upon the stage, to make women envious, and, finally, imitative. First of all, then, imagine sweet Miss Mary Moore, looking more charming than ever, in a dress of rich white silk, the



MISS MARY MOORE IN. "AN ARISTOCRATIC ALLIANCE," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE (ACT I.).

plain skirt trimmed round the foot with a waved applique of shell-pink satin, covered in its turn with an appliqué of exquisite lace, embroidered with cau-de-Nil silk and silver sequins, a novel arrangement of the same lace being laid on at the sides in tapering points, somewhat in basque fashion. The bodice is of the pink satin and lace—as are, also, the cuffs of the puffed sleeves-and has a full chemisette of the palest pink chiffon; the neckband and waistband, of velvet in a deep shade of mauve, being fastened by flashing diamond buckles, the shoulder straps, of the same effectively contrasting material, passing over tiny shoulder capes of the sequined lace, and terminating at each side in rosettes. Miss Moore also wears a smart little toque of green straw, of the same shade as the embroidery on the lace, trimmed with four bunches of mauve violets and a black osprey.

But restrain the admiration which I am certain you are feeling, as you will want to expend a great deal of it on the exquisite evening gown which Miss Moore wears in Act II. It is of white moiré antique, and the skirt is, I rejoice to say, perfectly plain in front, the slightly trained back being arranged in large pleats. Round the waist there is a girdle of pale rose-pink chiffon, studded with silver sequins, which is loosely knotted at the left side and fastened with a cluster of deep pink roses, the long hanging ends being fringed with silver, while the elbow sleeves, of chiffon, are arranged in two deep puffs. Over the shoulders there falls a frill of creamy lace, embroidered with pearls in the form of small halfcrescents, and bordered with a fringe of pearls, the same lace being arranged berthe fashion round the square-cut corsage, in combination with a touch of pink chiffon. Pink satin shoes and a white aigrette in the hair, fastened by a diamond buckle, complete an absolutely perfect costume.

And the last, but by no means the least, attractive of Miss Moore's trio of lovely gowns is a Princess robe of turquoise-blue satin, the bodice covered with very beautiful cream guipure, continued into deep, perfectly plain basques, and fastened at the waist with a diamond buckle. At the plain basques, and fastened at the waist with a diamond buckle. At the throat there is a cravat of white chiffon, bordered with exquisite thread lace, the deep, transparent cuffs being of the chiffon with bands of lace insertion, the upper part of the sleeve consisting of satin, slashed open to show a puffing of chiffon. The skirt, again, is quite plain, and is simply bordered with a narrow pleated frill, so I think that this is undoubtedly a sign that we have not yet said good-bye to our dearly loved and eminently becoming plain skirts, and, indeed, I may tell you that I hear on the best authority that the most important houses in Paris are refusing on the best authority that the most important houses in Paris are refusing

to have anything to do with the draped skirts.

But to return to the piece and to the other gowns worn, which, though Miss Moore's outshine them as much as the sun does the moon, are still worthy of mention. Miss Annie Hughes wears in Act I. a simple but pretty dress of rose-pink silk, the bodice having zouaves of white silk, with revers of pink covered with lace, the white silk being introduced again in the collar and cuffs and in the rosettes which finish off the draned waisthelt. Her evening dress in Act II, is of forget mooff the draped waistbelt. Her evening dress in Act II. is of forget-me-not blue silk, the draped bodice being held in round the waist by a band of pearl and crystal passementeric, the décolletage and the tiny sleeves being bordered with a ruching of chiffon and a band of the passementeric. The slightly trained skirt is trimmed in front with a flounce of chiffon, rising to a point in the centre. Miss Hughes has a third simply pretty dress in Act III., this one being of delicate grey, with a tiny design in white, the pointed yoke and cuffs being of pale pink silk. The skirt is devoid of any trimming, and round the waist is a draped band of the soft pink silk, tying in a great bow at the left side.

I liked Miss Emily Fowler's gowns immensely, and thought the first one particularly full of good ideas. It has a full bodice of green chiné silk, brocaded with a design of mauve lilac, drawn into a point at the waist and continued into panniers which form long sash-ends at the back. The skirt, of café-au-lait silk, is trimmed with three tiny flounces, each one edged with very narrow green ribbon; and the accompanying hat, of coarse cream straw, is ornamented with a large spreading bow of black

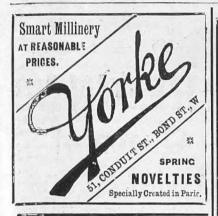


MISS MARY MOORE (ACT II.).

net embroidered with jet sequins, while under the brim are two or three long bows of cerise satin ribbon, a tiny knot of baby ribbon of the same colour appearing in front of the neckband.

In Act II. Miss Fowler has a perfectly plain skirt of shot green and terra-cotta chine silk, trimmed at the back with a deep vandyked band of black velvet, a great bow of lemon-coloured satin ribbon being placed high up on the left side and a rosette on the right, a band of the same ribbon, which passes over the shoulders and tapers to a point at the waist,

[Continued on page 549.



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forming the only trimming of the plain and perfectly-fitting bodice of black velvet. Miss Fowler wears a wide bow of lemon-coloured ribbon in her hair, and the whole scheme of colouring is daring but very effective. Her last dress, which is very pretty, has a bodice and puffed sleeves to the elbow of soft accordion-pleated green silk veiled with black chiffon, crossed bands of black satin ribbon being swathed round the waist and continued as braces over the shoulders, the plain skirt itself being of black satin. The deep cuffs of Miss Fowler's sleeves are of transparent black chiffon, fastened with bands of jet, and this is another little item which you may jot down as thoroughly indicative of the style for the coming season.

Now, having at last exhausted the Criterion dresses, I may as well tell you, while on the always interesting subject of theatre gowns, about those which are worn in the new play, "A Comedy of Sighs," at the Avenue, for there are some good ideas to be gleaned from these also.



MISS MARY MOORE (ACT III.).

Miss Florence Farr first appears in a shooting costume of fawn-coloured tweed, with a waistcoat, collar, and cuffs of yellowish leather, and next in a gorgeous Spanish costume, the little zouave jacket of black velvet being trimmed with very handsome gold passementerie, a touch of which ornaments the full under-bodice of flame-coloured satin. The two flounces of black lace which trim the short skirt are headed by sundry pompons in the same rich colour, two more forming the trimming for the little round black felt hat, the brim turned up with velvet. In Act III. one only catches a glimpse of a handsome gown of buttercup-yellow satin, striped with white and brocaded with small pink rosebuds and leaves. The yoke and shoulder capes are of fine string-coloured guipure, and the collar, waistband, and shoulder straps are of yellow satin ribbon, the skirt being simply trimmed with a frill of lace. Over this gown Miss Farr wears a handsome pelisse of stone-grey corduroy, while moiré antique of the same colour, edged with steel passementerie, forms the collar, yoke, and cuffs, the costume being completed by a picture hat of gathered black velvet. For Act IV. Miss Farr has a dinner dress of white satin, the skirt draped with leaf-green chiffon, bordered with gold sequins, and opening in front to show a panel of lovely lace. The bodice is covered with the same lace, the corsage being bordered with a ruche of chiffon and a frill of lace, while over the puffed elbow sleeves of satin, which are edged with a deep frill of lace, fall pointed shoulder capes of chiffon, the edges prettily ruched and trimmed with gold sequins.

Miss Vane Featherston first dons a smart tailor-made gown of fawn cloth with a bold scroll design in white, the bodice, which has full basques at the back, having a cross-over front of silk in a harmonising shade of fawn. Next she appears in a very charming gown of black chiné silk shot with green, the vest and collar, of turquoise-blue silk, softened by falls of creamy lace, being a very effective contrast. The smart little coat bodice has triple basques, trimmed with two rows of black moiré baby ribbon, the three flounces on the skirt and the three miniature frills at the elbows of the puffed sleeves being finished off in

the same way. The dinner dress for Act IV. has a bodice of black moiré antique, the square-cut corsage bordered with a deep-shaped band of openwork jet, through which the whiteness of the neck shows prettily, while from it falls a scintillating fringe of jet. The skirt, of black satin, is trimmed with a band of jet.

Miss Enid Erle's youthful prettiness is shown off to good advantage, first in a tennis costume of white serge, the blouse bodice prettily smocked with silk, and finished off at the throat by a bow of pale blue silk, and next in a lovely Greek dress of white silk of gauze-like texture with a deep bordering of silver. Her afternoon gown for Act III. is of turquoise-blue crépon, the full baby bodice, which is cut slightly low at the neck, being trimmed with black moiré ribbon and cream-coloured guipure, three bands of lace appearing on the plain full skirt. Miss Erle's last dress is the production of Messrs. Liberty—that anyone can see at a glance—and very charming it is. The material chosen is buttercupyellow satin, ornamented with bands of embroidery in white silk, the vest, the double shoulder capes, and the transparent cuffs being of white chiffon.

Having now given you such a plentiful supply of modern stage dresses, I cannot resist telling you about the widely different, yet most fascinating, costumes which are displayed at the Haymarket in "Once Upon- a Time." Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's first dress does not want much description, for it consists of artistically arranged but distinctly ragged garments of soft fawn and blue material; but her second gown is a positive poem in colour, which wants to be seen to be fully appreciated. It consists of a loose flowing robe of geranium-pink silk, lined with eau-de-Nil satin and bordered with gold sequins, a deep band of the same glittering trimming holding it in at the back, while it opens in front over a full under-dress of white gauze, covered with gold spangles, and with a sash of buttercup-yellow chiffon, the hanging sleeves being of the gauze. Mrs. Tree's other dress is of turquoise-blue gauze, falling in loose, transparent folds over white Turkish trousers, the bodice being trimmed with narrow bands of pearl and gold passementerie.

As to Miss Julia Neilson, whose first dress, of white net, is richly embroidered with shimmering green beetles' wings and gold, she makes her appearance in Act III. in full Turkish trousers of white silk-striped gauze, the bodice, of silver tinsel gauze, being studded with all manner of precious stones, and supremely lovely does Miss Neilson look in a costume which to most people would prove somewhat trying. In Act IV. Miss Neilson, as an Amazon, is attired in a glistening silver coat of mail, cut in points over a full white skirt, her silver helmet being surmounted by a jewelled crown.

Now, I much wonder if, after all these glories, you can bring your minds down to the level of spring cleaning? I think you had better endeavour to do so, for, willy-nilly, it will be upon us all too soon in full force, and it behoves all prudent housewives to try to obtain the very best results with the least trouble to themselves and with the greatest saving to their own and their husband's purses. Well, let me give you a word of advice. I take it for granted that everyone of you at least knows the name of P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, Perth—you ought to do so, at any rate—and to them you should send all your faded and dirty curtains, cretonnes, and chintzes—everything, in fact, that you want restored to a new lease of life. And you need not confine yourself to household goods, for you can with advantage pack off gowns and feathers, gloves, or anything else, knowing that, whether you want them dyed or cleaned, the result will be equally satisfactory. Messrs. P. and P. Campbell have agents everywhere, who will send the goods away carriage paid; so rob spring cleaning of half it terrors and half its expenses, and be thankful that there is such a place as the Perth Dye Works. I had nearly forgotten to tell you that the most elaborate garments can be dry-cleaned without unpicking, while the men-folk can share all these advantages, as their old suits, after being chemically cleaned and tailor-pressed, would be very difficult to distinguish from new ones.

I have told you about lovely gowns, and advised you how to escape a good deal of household trouble at a most worrying time, but I have an idea that these items of interest will fade into comparative insignificance for the moment when I tell you how you can ensure your skin being white and beautifully soft, no matter what its present condition may be. And, again, no one need any longer positively dread wearing an evening dress by reason of the uncomfortable knowledge that arms and neck are unpresentably red or rough, for that same Aspinall whose enamel is famous all the world over bids fair to become equally famous for a new preparation called Aspinall's "Neigeline," which he has just brought out for toilet use, and which, as it is absolutely nonpoisonous, and is free from any injurious ingredient whatsoever, may be used with confidence by the most nervous person. It has a wonderfully beneficial effect upon the worst skin, and counteracts and hides the bad effects of sunburn, &c., while, of course, for the arms and neck, when evening dress is worn, it is absolutely invaluable. It is quite cheap, too—only 3s. 6d. per bottle—and is sold by all chemists, stores, &c., while it can also be obtained post free (under cover) for 3s. 9d. from the sole manufacturer, Edward Aspinall, Gresse Street Works, Rathbone Place, W. Its production is the result of Mr. Aspinall's vast and particularly valuable experience, and it is made up from the formula of a Court physician; as to its good qualities, everyone will readily understand that a man who has become so absolutely associated with one marvellous success would not risk his reputation by putting his name to anything that was not everything that it claims to be.

FLORENCE.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

There are many beautiful things in this world, but I have seen few more delightful than the vision of Mr. "Bobby" Spencer in the Windsor uniform, with a rod in his hand, a medal on his breast, and lovely arrangements in blue and gold sparkling on his slim young person. There is no more popular figure in the House than Mr. Spencer, and the sight of him in the Vice-Chamberlain's uniform, in which he has to bring up the Queen's answer to the Address to the Crown drew round him admirers of every party. Mr. Herbert Paul was so impressed by his appearance that he felt compelled, as a mere ceremonial tribute, to drop him a low bow as he passed him in the doorway. For some time Mr. Spencer had to acknowledge these testimonials of respect and admiration and he have the arded with his arrival good some and spirit. admiration, and he bore the ordeal with his usual good sense and spirit. In comparison with Mr. Spencer, the old procession of Black Rod from Lords to Commons seemed a very dingy affair. We are used to the gentlemen in black silk stockings who walk with mineing steps up the long corridors which separate the gilded from the working chamber. Mr. Spencer's dress, however, was a special visitation, a much-prized touch of the poetic in a prosaic place and time.

THE OLD AND NEW RADICALISM.

For the rest, the reassembling of Parliament has been much more notable for what has happened in the Lobbies than in the House itself. In the latter we have had Estimates, Conciliation Bills, Equalisation of Rates Bills—all good things in their way, but not exciting. The Estimates promise sport when the discussion on the Duke of Coburg's allowance comes on. But, as things stand, the old Radical protest against extravagance in royal sculleries and stables has worn itself very thin. Mr. A. C. Morton is the worthiest of vestrymen, and now and then does a real stroke of public service; but he has not "Labby's" light touch of cynical humour, nor does he possess the larger political knowledge which characterised the more serious Radicals of a bygone day. Mr. "Tommy" Bowles's skirmishes are much more inspiring affairs, and a touch, now of malicious humour, now of pure fun, from this sprightly Parliamentary figure does a great deal to keep the House in good humour. But, on the whole, the Estimates are poor sport. The newer Radicalism does not take much account of the higgling narrowness of the modern representatives of what was once a powerful and robust school. The contrast between the new and old school has been strikingly illustrated over the whole anti-Rosebery cabal. Mr. Labouchere still goes about the Lobbies blandly assuring people that what he pleasantly calls the Rosebery bubble has burst, and that some unknown and indefinite arrangement is to take its place. No one, of course, knows better than Mr. Labouchere the slender basis of fact that underlies these pretty predictions. The truth is, however, that Mr. Labouchere himself is a little bit out of the modern tendency of things. He, too, is an old Radical, living out of due time in a world whose true bearings he does not realise. Mr. Labouchere does not like the Peers; he wants to give everybody a vote; he is for putting right the machine; but he does not approve of most of the ideas of the modern working man as to the way in which the reconstituted machine is going to work. He is a Galileo, caring for none of these things. Now, Lord Rosebery is just as unquestionably smitten with the new passion for social reform as the little knot of old Radicals whom Mr. Labouchere leads are indifferent to it. So that "Labby," with all his Parliamentary cleverness, his little intrigues and wiles in Lobby and corridor, has come to be rather out of the real movement of things. That is his misfortune rather than his fault, but it shows the extreme tenuity of the ground on which the cave was set up. Now it has gone to pieces, and Mr. Labouchere is practically left alone. He is a very clever man, and will do his best to discredit the new combination, but I doubt whether he will succeed.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Already anticipations of two forthcoming musical festivals are notified. The Handel Festival, which will be held at the Crystal Palace on June 22, 25, 27, and 29, promises Forewords on to be unusually rich in eminent vocalists. For the soprano solos both Madame Albani and Madame Melba are engaged, as well as indispensable Miss Anna Williams, Madame Clara Samuell—who has long been a favourite at the Crystal Palace—and Miss Emma Juch, whose popularity has been hitherto in America. The last loss sustained by the death of Madame Patey will be emphasised on an occasion when she has frequently been a bright particular star, but an admirable selection of contralto singers will be recognised when the names of Miss Marian McKenzie and Miss Clara Butt are mentioned. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Ben McKenzie and Miss Clara Butt are mentioned. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Ben Davies divide the tenor music between them, and the doyen of Handel Festivals, Mr. Charles Santley, will have for colleagues Messrs. Norman Salmond and Mr. Andrew Black. Turning to the Three Choirs' Festival, which, on Sept. 11, 12, 13, and 14, will take place at Hereford, I find that it commences with "Elijah" and ends with the "Messiah." The novelties promised include Mr. C. H. Lloyd's cantata, "Sir Ogie and the Ladie Elsie"—not an easy title to remember—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, "Bethlehem," which will be introduced at the Albert Hall on the 12th inst., and Dr. J. F. Bridge's "Cradle of Christ." Visitors to the hospitable city of Hereford on this most delightful of occasions will have an opportunity of hearing Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and have an opportunity of hearing Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, who have been booked to appear during the festival, which ends with a chamber concert in the Shire Hall.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Speaker's continued illness has been a source of disquictude at the resumption of the session. Mr. Peel was expected to be quite well again after the Easter holidays; but he had another slight relapse, and Parliament had to meet last Thursday without him. The absence of Mr. Speaker is a real loss to the House, over which he presides with so much authority, and his absence is, unfortunately, not atoned for by any show of similar ability on the part of his deputy. The contemplation of a contentious session without Mr. Peel in the chair would not be a pleasant one for either party.

NON-CONTENTIOUS.

Meanwhile, the session opened quietly, and on Thursday the House got through quite a lot of work. For the first time the Union Jack floated from the Victoria Tower, thanks to the persistence of Mr. Arnold-Forster, and perhaps all the M.P.'s were feeling a little extra patriotic and a little more conscious than usual that they are supposed to do the country's business in consequence. Three Ministerial Bills were read a first time, dealing with the Behring Sea Arbitration, the Equalisation of Rates, and Conciliation in Labour Disputes. The chances are that paper of these Bills will be opposed to any desperate extent, provided none of these Bills will be opposed to any desperate extent, provided some ordinary courtesy is shown in the handling of them. And then, after a little row over the law-officers of the Crown, the Civil Service Estimates came on, and (Mr. Labouchere fainéant) even Mr. Morton raised little opposition to certain expenses on royal parks and palaces.

A LITTLE CONTENTION.

The row over Sir Charles Russell and Sir John Rigby is worth noticing. Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Bowles, aided by Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Powell Williams, could hardly be expected to pass an opportunity for a little baiting. And their opportunity was this, that whereas Sir Charles Russell and Sir John Rigby took office on a Radical outcry against the taking of private practice by the law-officers, and in favour of cutting down their salaries, the worthy Attorney and Solicitor have managed to make more in their year of office out of public money than any of their predecessors, and have also reaped considerable profit from any of their predecessors, and have also reaped considerable profit from private practice, for which, as was explained, they had been retained before accepting office. I am not sorry to see another test of the absurd Radical theory that the best men at the Bar can be obtained for the Government service without adequate remuneration. But when these two gentlemen come upon the Estimates for some £27,000, it is legitimate to ask what becomes of all the claptrap that was talked eighteen months ago? Mr. Burns commonly says that no man is worth more than £500 a -year. Let him reconcile that, if he can, with the thousands he votes for paying to his Radical leaders.

THE IRISH.

As for the Government's position and prospects, all still depends on As for the Government's position and prospects, all still depends on the Irishmen. They are squabbling and squabbling. I don't know how much longer they can go on. Mr. Redmond is overtly hostile; Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon have an open enmity to Mr. Healy; and, this is the important point, they none of them, as far as is known, have any of the sinews of war, in the shape of cash, to continue their respective political organisations. I for one cannot believe in the continuance of this set of broken-down politicians much longer; but it will be interesting to see how far the Rosebery Government will allow Mr. Morley to allow Mr. Sexton—the one man who comes out of allow Mr. Morley to allow Mr. Sexton—the one man who comes out of the various disputes with some shred of dignity—to put the screw on them. That Evicted Tenants Bill still hangs fire. Mr. Morley has protested that he knows how important it is; but we have yet to see how much he knows, and how much, under certain circumstances, he may care. One thing I do know, and that is that English Unionists will not treat with complacency the attempt to saddle England with the expense of some hundreds of thousands of pounds for turning the defeated Plan of Campaign into a success, as the reinstatement of these fraudulent tenants would mean. Poor creatures! some of them are dupes, I know. But they must suffer the consequences of their own sins, or those of their deceivers, at any rate, until the Home Rule agitation is quite within hand and the politicians who have inspired it crushed. At present it looks as if the Sextonites would go on supporting the Government as long as Mr. Morley can continue promising and saying that he "knows their importance," and, after all, these sectional squabbles have been going on so long already that they may well go on a little longer without causing any Parliamentary discomfort to the Radical party. That party takes a good deal of kicking; "it takes it," as someone wittily said the other day, "as if it were nothing but massage." What, however, must strike moderate people is that, if anyone, Lord Rosebery must be rather sick of such associates, such dictators of his policy as the men who have been quarrelling over the decoved Exercise. policy as the men who have been quarrelling over the decayed Freeman's Journal. It would surprise no moderate man were Lord Rosebery, who has never been a "Nationalist," to throw over these men and appeal to the country for support on a programme which would give Federal Home Rule to Ireland, conciliate Ulster, and promise Labour legislation for England. He may yet do it. It would certainly be his best chance if the Dissolution is inevitable. Strange things happen cometimes and the Dissolution is inevitable. Strange things happen sometimes, and, strange as it may seem, it is quite possible that Mr. Gladstone may yet give Lord Rosebery a lead in this direction. It would be gross betrayal of Ireland? Yes, in a way; but Federal Home Rule—which the Nationalists do not want—is what most English Radicals have really had at heart all the time.